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Original.

ROBERT BURNS.

A LECTURE
Delivered in Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial,
Before the Ingersoll Secular Society.

BY DR. W. SYMINGTON BROWN.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

There is something peculiar about the life and fame of Robert Burns. He was born in 1759, and died in 1796. More than a century has gone since he became famous; nearly a century has passed away since he died; but his memory is as green and as well-beloved as if he had only died yesterday. But two names I know anything about can compare with his in this respect—names which are loved, cherished, almost idolized in the hearts of the common people, who know their true friends by a sort of instinct, who do not need legal proofs to convince them that they are right, who arrive at their conclusions by the short cut of the human heart—these men are William Shakespeare and Marcus Aurelius. The former is too well known to need comment; but the great Roman emperor is not so familiar to American ears. A personal experience, which occurred to me in 1884, while on a visit to Scotland, will explain what I mean. I had gone across the ocean for rest and recreation, and was wandering about the streets of Glasgow, when I reached an Italian image store, and stepped inside to look at figures and casts in plaster-of-paris. Amongst the rest I found a small bust of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and I asked the proprietor, Who is that? He straightened himself, and replied, with an unction which only a fellow-countryman can feel, "Marcus Aurelius, Signor, our beloved ruler." So I bought the little image, carried it home with me, and it stands on my office mantelpiece in the place of honor. Why? Because of all the men who ever lived I believe that he was the greatest and most lovable. Seventeen hundred years have gone by, his very dust has disappeared, but there is scarcely a Roman house to-day, however poor its inmates, which does not contain something in remembrance of the man who did more for humanity *per se* than any other citizen ever did, and who, although he was not a Christian, is still loved by all honest men and women, Christians included.

As I will try to demonstrate, the same elements enter into the popularity of Robert Burns. Men do not respect a coward; they do not love a selfish man, and they worship men who make outspoken demands for justice.

Burns died in his thirty-eighth year. He began to work on his father's farm when merely a boy; he did a man's work—hard, laborious work, averaging about fourteen hours a day. In the twelve or thirteen years of literary work, during which he also toiled as a farmer or as an exciseman, he wrote, in prose and verse, an amount of matter which fills several volumes; nearly all of it well worth reading, and most of it so noble, truthful, and inspiring, that the rational portion of the world "will not willingly let [it] die." Two fair inferences may be drawn from these facts.

First, Burns must have been a very industrious man. No shilly-shally, lackadaisical rhymers, like many who went before and came after him, but an honest worker who set a proper estimate on the value of time, and worked while it was day with all his might.

Second, it is evident that no habitual drunkard could have produced such an amount of good literary work in so short a time. The notion that Burns was a very intemperate man—assiduously spread by religious bigots and total abstainers—has no foundation in fact, is proved to be impossible by the quantity and quality of his literary work, and is easily explained by the convivial habits almost universal at that time. Everybody drank whiskey then—even the clergy; and I strongly suspect that a good many people in Scotland drink whiskey still.

Compare Burns with Coleridge. We never hear any complaint from the same "rigidly righteous" class about Coleridge being a slave to opium. Although a man of genius, he was lazy. All Coleridge's poems worth preserving might be put into a thin pamphlet. His "Table Talk" and other prose writings unmistakably smell of drugs; here and there a feeble spark of genius, and the rest silly namby-pambyism about creeds and other foolish topics. Why do we read nothing against Coleridge? Simply because he defended the church; in a maudlin sort of way, it is true; but in what other way can anybody defend it? Burns attacked the church; he exposed its hypocrisy and greed. That of course proved that he was a bad man—a drunkard.

Burns was a peasant; the son of peasants. His moral surroundings in early life were good. Both father and mother were decent, serious folks, who had a moderate amount of intellectual culture, and who exerted themselves to the utmost to give their children a sound, useful education. But the physical surroundings were antagonistic, unhealthy. I beg special attention to this aspect of the case, because none of Burns' biographers or critics have taken it into account. All the writers I refer to—Currie, Cunningham, Carlyle, Blackie, Hately Waddell, &c.—tell us about the poverty of his parents, but they do not even hint at the monstrous injustice responsible for that poverty. Robert's father was certainly not to blame. He was a very industrious man; but the money he was obliged to pay to his landlords, for the mere privilege of being allowed to work, reduced him to abject poverty. Landlordism, like the old man of the sea who sat on Sinbad's shoulders, clung to him through life, and crushed him. After paying rent, what was left was not sufficient to furnish the necessities of life, to say nothing about luxuries. It would be out of place to-day to discuss the labor question; but, to prevent misconception, allow me to explain that the term "rent," in this connection, does not apply to houses, only to land. William Burns built, with his own hands, the poor cottage in which Robert was born. *It was the land that he paid rent for*; and any candid person must surely admit that there is an essential difference between paying for the privilege of occupying a house, which somebody must have built, and the use of unimproved land, which no human being created. Land, water, sunbeam and air do not owe their existence to man's labor. A house does; it must be built. I assert that everybody has a birthright in the use of as much land as he needs to sustain life, as much but no more. He never can have a right to peddle it out at either a high or a low rent to others. Might has hitherto controlled this land question. No king nor cunning priest created land. All that any man should pay for the use of it is for the privilege of selection, and the money thus paid should go into the public treasury, to be expended for the public benefit.

When Robert Burns began to earn money as a farm-laborer—doing a man's work, and doing it well, all that he received in the shape of wages was thirty-five dollars a year and his board. If you deduct the cost of clothes, and the few books he bought, we can easily estimate how little would be left for dissipation. The fact is that Burns was never a dissipated man in the ordinary meaning of that term. He was a passionate man—all poets are—and his passions sometimes carried him into miry places. Do you know any one who is sinless? I don't; and, what is more, I do not desire to know one, for he would be a monstrosity. A small sect of Christians exist who call themselves holiness people, and who say that they are perfect in holiness. I have met with a few of these people; but most of them do not appear to be near perfection as many others who make no claim to that dubious honor.

The fact is that Robert Burns was an honest, industrious man, willing to work for small pay; anxious to provide all the comforts he could for his wife and children; generous with his money when he had any, and remarkably unselfish. Only a clear-headed man could have arrived at the logical conclusions he did about labor 100 years ago. In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop he says:—

"I cannot say that I give him joy of his life as a farmer. 'Tis, as a farmer paying a dear, unconscionable rent, a *cursed life!* As to a laird farming his own property, sowing his own corn in hope, and reaping it, in spite of brittle weather, in gladness; knowing that none can say unto him, 'What dost thou? fattening his herds, shearing his flocks, rejoicing at Christmas, and begetting sons and daughters, until he be the venerated, gray-haired leader of a little tribe—'tis a heavenly life! but devil take the life of reaping the fruits that another must eat." This is precisely the same idea which Carlyle afterwards blurted out so tersely:—

"The widow is gathering nettles for her children's dinner; a perfumed seigneur, delicately lounging in the *Oeil de Boeuf*, hath an alchemy whereby he will extract from her the third nettle, and call it rent." Yes! and this alchemy resulted in the French revolution, with due blowing up of the perfumed alchemist.

There is one point about Robert Burns sometimes overlooked, viz.: that he never had any other than the most meagre common school education. He never had free

access to what was known about science even in that day of darkness. For there was not much known about chemistry, geology, biology, or hygiene a century ago, even by the advance guard of freethinkers. Our own Voltaire, with all his talent and industry, imagined that fossil shells found on mountain tops had been dropped there by pilgrims! Decent people, like Burns' father, still believed that prayers could avert calamities and cure cancers! And the bulk of common people imagined that a dirty, lousy saint, who fasted in a cell, was a much better man than a clean sinner who worked in the fields! When we appreciate how far advanced in freedom of thought Robert Burns was; how ably he dissected the silly, religious sophistries of his day, one must admire the courage he displayed in expressing unpopular opinions. The highest excellence in the character of Burns is his sincerity. Whatever germinates in his fertile brain comes out, without fear or favor. And as we cannot conceive of a true soul defending any form of slavery, his innermost and his outermost thoughts were always pledged to free lom;—freedom of mind, freedom of body, the greatest good—not of the greatest number merely, but of every human being on the face of the earth. It is a melancholy fact, and one which marks how little real progress we have made yet that so few persons possess courage enough to say what they think.

Another point worthy of notice is this. From early boyhood up to mature manhood Burns lived principally on oatmeal and milk—mostly buttermilk. Animal food was seldom in his father's house, and it could not have been very plenty in his own on an annual income of \$350. With the exception of his two visits to Edinburgh, and the journeys he made while there, Burns' daily diet must have been of the simplest kind. Beef is a good thing in its own place, no doubt; but it does not seem to be essential to genius. These remarks are not intended as a plea for vegetarianism. A moderate amount of animal food is necessary in our cold climate; but I think that Americans and English people eat more flesh than is good for them.

In Burns' letter to Dr. Moore, which contains a brief biography of the poet, he says:—"I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn, sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic idiot piety. I say 'idiot piety,' because I was then but a child."

It did not take Burns very long to get rid of his "idiot piety." No man of moderate intelligence, who thinks about the subject at all, can avoid entertaining doubts about religion. In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Burns says:—

"Can it be possible that when I resign this frail, feverish being I shall still find myself in conscious existence? . . . Ye venerable sages and holy flamens, is there probability in your conjectures, truth in your stories, of another world beyond death? or, are they all alike baseless visions and fabricated fables? If there is another life, it must only be for the just, the benevolent, and the humane."

Robert Burns, like Voltaire and Paine, was a deist; i. e., he believed in a personal God, who created the universe, and rules it somewhat after the fashion of an ordinary king. This hypothesis includes what is commonly called divine providence. It is not necessary to discuss deism to day. Not a few good men still believe in it, after a fashion; but advanced thinkers have long since abandoned the theory as untenable. They have become agnostics; i. e., men who believe only what they clearly understand. There are numberless things in Nature which the human mind has not mastered yet, such, e. g., as the origin of evil. It puzzles us to find out why so many suffer pain, the nature and object of which we cannot fully explain; and, consequently, we cannot believe in a theory which is as obscure as the thing itself. A so-called religious explanation is like a kitten chasing its tail; it may be amusing, but it is not explanatory.

One thing is pretty plain about Robert Burns. He was not a calvinist. He held the Westminster confession of faith in healthy abhorrence; and, indeed, he may fairly be credited with the merit of giving it its deathblow. It is difficult for the present generation to form an accurate idea of the relative standing which the clergy and laity occupied in Burns' day. A clergyman was a power, not only in the church but in the state, equal, if not superior, to the civil magistrate. The virtue in which our clergy are most deficient is humility. They keep the keys of heaven, and admit or reject whom they please. It is one of our popular mistakes that protestant priests claim less than Roman catholic ones. They both claim the same power, viz., the right to remit sins or to fasten them on the culprit for ever. They even manufacture sins—such as Sabbath desecration and kin marriages—and impose penalties for committing them!

A century ago, protestant priests were more outspoken than they are to-day, and they possessed more power. If they had not been backed by the civil magistrate you may be sure that Robert Burns would not have stood up in church to be rebuked by a clergyman for a sexual offence.

Burns's celebrated poem, entitled "The Holy Fair," has reference to the sacrament of the "Lord's Supper," which, in Scotland, is celebrated twice a year. In country parishes it is customary to invite several ministers to assist in the performance; and sometimes hundreds of people assemble on these occasions, after the fashion of our summer camp-meetings. The poem is a graphic description of these religious vanity fairs.

Two reflections occur to me in connection with this poem. While I assert that there are no obscene passages in any of Burns' poems, I think it must be admitted that some of them contain words not usually read in public. The same remark applies to Smollett's and Fielding's novels, and also to the bible. I do not intend to discuss the pros and cons of this delicate question to-day. All that I claim for Burns, Fielding and Smollett, I also claim for the authors of the bible—fair play—that they should be judged by their obvious intention, and the standard of manners prevalent at the time they wrote.

The other reflection is this: We are too apt to assume that much more progress has been made in morals than the facts warrant. The moral standard depicted in "The Holy Fair" is not a high one; but if a photograph were made of the sexual morals at a camp-meeting in Massachusetts or Maine, would it be much higher? I doubt it. Some progress has been made in a century; but I think that part of the apparent progress depends on adroitly covering up certain sins, hiding them rather than avoiding them. The civilized world has become sharper in the art of concealment—more Uriah-Heep-like, besides having somewhat less wickedness to conceal. And it is my firm belief that no organization has done more than the church to help hypocrites in this modern art of concealment. If a mercantile rascal intends to cheat his creditors, he rents a pew; if he means to do something outrageously mean, he becomes a church member; and if he intends to outherod Herod in thieving, he becomes a deacon or a Sunday-school superintendent! The mantle of religious hypocrisy may indeed be said to "cover a multitude of sins."

In more than a score of places, Robert Burns expresses his doubts about religion and the soul's immortality. He says: "All my fears and cares are of this world. If there is another, an honest man has nothing to fear from it. I hate a man that wishes to be a deist; but I fear every fair, unprejudiced enquirer must, in some degree, be a sceptic. It is not that there are any very staggering arguments against the immortality of man; but, like electricity, phlogiston, etc., the subject is so involved in darkness that we want data to go upon." In another letter he writes: "Of all nonsense, religious nonsense is the most nonsensical: so enough and more than enough of it."

When we recollect that these sentences were written more than one hundred years ago, we can realize how liberal-minded Burns must have been. It is true, he never rose to the height of pantheism; he seems to have been almost shackled by the gross idea of a personal God, who did as he pleased; and the grand thought of eternal law, I fear, was to him a shut book.

The Scottish clergy, as a whole, were not friendly to Burns. A few of the more liberal sort enjoyed his attacks on calvinism, in a quiet away, they themselves being afraid to say what they thought about it. In our day, we can scarcely conceive of the subjection to religious despotism which prevailed at that time.

In a letter to his friend, Mr. Nicol, Burns says: "You must have heard how the Rev. Mr. Lawson and the rest of that faction have accused the unfortunate and Rev. Mr. Heron, that, in ordaining Mr. Nelson, he, the said Heron, feloniously and treasonably bound the said Nelson to the confession of faith, so far as it was agreeable to reason and the word of God!" That is to say, it was felony and treason to doubt the infallibility of a document written by a handful of protestant priests! And yet the successors of these men pretend to be horrified at Leo's claim of infallibility. Poor old pope, he surely has as good a right to this ridiculous claim as they have. In 1740, the presbytery of Auchterarder required all candidates for the pulpit to sign the following moral declaration: "I believe that it is not sound and orthodox to teach that we must forsake sin, in order to our coming to Christ." To avoid sinful deeds would indeed be a work of supererogation when a belief in Christ's saving blood can wipe them all away.

But we will now look at Robert Burns from another standpoint—the social one. There can be no doubt that he excelled both as a conversationist and as a letter writer. Those who had the privilege of social intercourse with the poet, and who were competent to judge, all agreed that his conversational powers were marvelous. Some say that his familiar talks were even better than his poetry. This appeared obvious on his first visit to Edinburgh, during the few months of prosperity he enjoyed, when men like Dugald Stewart, Dr. Blacklock, and other dignitaries met him, and were as much astonished as delighted that a ploughman could discuss abstruse questions with them and hold his own. We can only regret that some faithful Boswell did not stick to him, and note down the witty, caustic sayings of

Scotland's greatest poet. Dr. Samuel Johnson's books are no longer read; they are really obsolete; but Boswell's account of what Johnson said still lives, and bids fair to live for generations to come.

Burns also excelled as a letter writer. Whatever he did he tried to do well. Many of his letters were re-written from the first scroll, which accounts for the discrepancies in published copies of the same letter. His genius shines through all of them. Perhaps we might except some of those to Clarinda, which, it must be confessed, are rather sentimental; less like the frank, openhearted poet than the rest. One reason for this weakness is the fact that Clarinda seems to have been a religious bigot, and Burns, being much attached to her, tried to twist his own belief more into line with her absurd theology than the sober truth warranted.

There can be no doubt that Burns' popularity decreased after he went to Dumfries and became an exciseman. Not with the common people, who always "heard him gladly," and who hear him still as gladly as ever. But the upper-crust gentry soon concluded that it was not genteel to associate with a mere ploughman, and they gave him the cold shoulder! A truly marvelous sight for men and mice to look upon! One of his friends tells about meeting Burns on the street in Dumfries, on the night of a county ball, and how the gentry snubbed Burns, as they passed in their gala attire. I do not feel like taking the dead to task; nay, I do not think that it would be worth while to do so if the revellers were living. The same class who tried to look down on Robert Burns exist to-day, and behave as badly as the Dumfries gentry did a century ago. Why should we worry ourselves about them? They do not know any better. You cannot put a quart of milk into a pint pitcher by any known process, not even by the aid of prayer! The gay butterflies of fashion flutter about for their brief day, possibly answering some purpose in the great plan of Nature, which, however, nobody yet has been able to find out.

"A man's a man for a' that" is the Scotch Marseillaise hymn, which has been ringing unheeded for a hundred years, and which will continue to ring until its honest demands are answered.

During the French revolution, Burns made a present of four small cannon to the republic; but the tory government seized them at Dover, and they would have turned him out of his little office, if it had not been for the interception of a political friend whose vote they needed.

Robert Burns had his faults, no doubt. I do not attempt to conceal the blemishes any more than the beauties. He was extravagantly fond of women; and he drank too much fiery liquor. He himself admits that his heart was like a tinder box. When he saw a beautiful woman, he could scarcely help falling in love with her, without regard to her rank or the reasonableness of the hasty attachment. There are facts in connection with his courtship of Highland Mary, Jean Armour, and Mrs. McLehose which are not creditable to him. He seems, at times, to have been carried off his feet with an amorous passion so strong that he could not resist it. Many of his best songs were the offspring of these fits; and it is safe to say that they would never have been written if Burns had been a model youth, after the Sunday-school pattern. You can take your choice whether it would have been better to lose the poetry or the passion.

Lord Byron, who was born about eight years after Burns died, and who also died young, in some respects resembled our greatcottish poet. Byron had the same intense hatred of cant and humbug which permeated the ploughman from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head. Both were ardent friends of human liberty. Both attacked superstition fearlessly, and both were denounced by the clergy as infidels. They refused to admit Byron's body to Westminster Abbey on that account.

Robert Burns was always a poor man, surrounded by circumstances which crippled his great powers. That which puzzles me, and has puzzled a good many wiser folks, is how to account for the wonderful genius of the man, his constant industry while harassed by poverty, and his sturdy independence under great temptation. I have no doubt that much genuine poetry is never written. It floats—a chaotic mass—in the brains of thousands who lack artistic power to give it form and birth. Nor is this unwritten poetry therefore useless. It lights up the individual character like a dim, distant star, which, while it sheds little light on our world, is all important to its own circle of worlds.

When we judge a man's character, it depends a good deal upon who is the judge as to the verdict; there are so many different standards. One man says, Does he go to church? Does he attend the weekly prayer meeting? Of course, that is not my standard. I ask, Is he selfish? Is he just and honest? Robert Burns was neither selfish nor greedy. Quite the opposite, in fact. He gave about half the proceeds of the Edinburgh edition of his poems to his brother, although he needed the money himself. John Ruskin says, "Whenever one hand meets another helpfully, that is the holy or mother church which ever is or ever shall be." And Robert Burns, though poor as poor could be, was ever holding out his helping hand to those as poor as himself.

This brings us to the point we started from—the explanation why his memory remains so fresh while so many other great names are almost forgotten. To be loved one must be lovable. There is no other way. Immense wealth and high rank cannot compete with love; that is the true philosopher's stone; the universal solvent. Robert Burns was a great poet; but his manliness, his independence, his free-thought, and his love of liberty, were even greater than his poetry. "A man's a man for a' that" is an epitome of his character. That line should have been engraved on his monument.

"Judge not ye whose thoughts are fingers
Of the hands that touch the lyre;
Greenland has its mountain icebergs,
Etna has its heart of fire,
Calculation has its plummet,
Self control its iron rules,
Genius has its sparkling fountains,
Dullness has its stagnant pools.
"As the sun from out the orient
Pours a wider, warmer light,
Till he bodes both earth and ocean,
Blazing from the zenith's height;
So the day of our poets comes,
In his dayless power serene,
Shines, as rolling time advances,
Warmer, fated and wider seen.
First Do's banks and braes contained it,
Then his country formed its span,
Now the wide world is its empire,
And its throne the heart of man."

—[Moir.

HOTEL WITHOUT A BIBLE.

Commotion Created by a Bell Boy's Mistake in taking a Guest's Order.

An earthquake or a fire could not have caused much greater commotion and excitement at the Great Northern than did the simple mistake of a bell boy, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. A gentleman had been ill for some days in what is called in the technique of the house, "I, 35." This means room 35 on the I floor. He rang the bell for boy yesterday morning and told him he was ill and to have a barber sent to his room. The invalid thought the young negro messenger manifested more excitement than the simple request called for, and he thought correctly. The boy, instead of telephoning down stairs as usual, ran all the way down to the "Captain" and shouted: "De man in I, 35 wants the bible sent to his room."

"Wants what?"

"De bible."

"The bible?"

"Yes, that's what I said; what the preacher reads from."

The captain passed the word on to Clerk Raidt.

Mr. Raidt is accustomed to responding quickly to every demand that is made, but for once in his career as a hotel man he was nonplussed.

"A bible!" he repeated, "man in I, 35 wants a bible. Miss ——" he said to the cashier, "have you got a bible?"

"At home," she replied.

In this hour of perturbation he forgot his politeness and shouted, "What good will that do a sick man at the Great Northern?"

He sent one boy to the barber shop, one to the barroom and one to the young lady typewriter. No one had a bible.

Just then Mr. Eden came in. His foresight had provided for everything but a bible, but to his intense relief, he saw Mr. Hurlbut approaching.

"Mr. Hurlbut," he said, "a gentleman upstairs wants a bible."

"A what?"

"A bible."

"Spell it."

"A b-i-b-l-e."

"Well, that's the best joke I've heard for a year; come, let's have someth'—"

"No," replied Mr. Eden; "this is no joke. I'm in earnest. The gentleman is sick and wants a bible."

"He must be dying," said Mr. Hurlbut; "better get a preacher, too. Where's the directory? Here, boy, take this and find a preacher."

In the meantime Mr. Eden had dispatched a boy to the nearest bookstore to buy a bible. But before he returned an imperative demand came from the gentleman in I, 35 to hurry up; that he was tired waiting.

Mr. Eden sprang into one elevator; Mr. Hurlbut into another, and bellboys were dispatched in various directions to beg, borrow or steal a bible.

One of them ran into Commissioner Wickersham's room and told him of the exigency. All he could find was a bound copy of St. John's epistle. He gave it to the boy and bade him fly. The boy rushed into the invalid's room. "Here's the 'pistle of St. John, sah, all we could find, but Mas' Eden, he's sent out for de whole bible."

"Bible!" shouted the invalid; "what the — do I want with the bible? I want a barber." Just then he saw how the mistake had occurred, and when his physician, Dr. Tallman, came into the room, he thought his patient had jumped from pneumonia to apoplexy. While the doctor was using all his skill to quiet him, fearful of the consequences to one so weak, Mr. Eden rushed in with a bible as big as Webster's unabridged dictionary. After putting Mr. Eden out in the hall, Dr. Tallman remained with his patient the rest of the day.

But there is an interesting sequel to all this local commotion. When the boy went to the store to buy a bible, he related something of the circumstances. A lady member of the Chicago Tract society was standing near and heard him. At 5 o'clock last evening a consignment of 500 small bibles was sent to Hurlbut and Eden by the Tract society, with the polite request that one be placed in each room. Hereafter the guests of the Great Northern will find a bible chained somewhere in the room. So good comes out of evil.

Original Communications.

For the Boston Investigator.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.
MR. EDITOR:—I have had orthodox persons frequently tell me that an honest, virtuous, clean, truthful, charitable rule would do to live by, but it would not do to die by. I always laughed at them, and declared that I should try it at any rate.

In the month of December last the grip attacked me for the third time, and was followed by the erysipelas, which was its second time. These two combined in their forces seemed to declare, "we will get you now, old fellow." The physician and those in attendance thought my recovery doubtful, but having a sound constitution, and a vigorous mind, I proposed to fight them to the last.

Though my physical parts were nearly exhausted, my mind continued clear and strong, and, when passing through the period which the physician termed the "crisis," I thought of the assertions made by the religious people, and duly considered the matter. I inquired of myself, if I was afraid to go, to make the change called death? My mind was perfectly at ease. My conscience approved my past conduct, and also the opinions I had entertained on religious subjects during my past life.

I was surrounded by relatives and friends but only visible to myself, those who had made the change, who had experienced death. I inquired of them if there was or is anything in what is called religion? If a belief in a god, a savior, in immortality, in a heaven or in a hell, as taught by the orthodox, is necessary, is required? The unanimous answer was clear and explicit: "No." They declared that all religions, all plans of worship, always have been, are now and always will be, a trade for the purpose of amassing wealth, exercising despotic power, and living lives of ease and sensuality. I have never acknowledged myself to have been a spiritualist, and do not know what I am now.

After I had passed the "crisis," I asked the doctor if I was in my right mind? if I had spoken wildly? He and others who present said I had not; that I had only spoken rationally, clearly, but rather more clearly and pointedly than usual.

I did this to satisfy myself from the testimony of others that I was sane, in my right mind. I immediately passed into that state or condition in which I was surrounded by those same persons with whom I had been conversing. I could at will pass from my normal state or condition to this other advanced or higher or superior condition in a second of time. What it is, or how it is done, I do not know. I only know that it is, or exists. It has always been with me. I recognized it when I was less than ten years of age.

In 1845 I saw an occurrence that was transpiring or being enacted that was five miles distant, and I was walking directly from it and looking straight before me.

In 1850 I was, that is, the thinking part of me, conducted to a country, or region, in which everything was harmony, beautiful, perfect in all its parts. I was informed by the people residing there that it was heaven. During this visit the mind came very near being separated from the body. Had it done so, my body would long ago have passed back to the elements from which it came.

In 1862, in camp at Mount Pleasant, Tenn., while walking between the right and left wing of the regiment with my back towards New Orleans, La. I saw the federal soldiers hoist the American flag, "Old Glory," over the custom house in that city just as plainly, and it appeared to be as clean and beautiful as if I was standing in the street by the building. Captain McVean of Co. E and myself made a note of the exact time, and we afterwards learned that the flag was at the very moment being raised over the custom house.

On the 8th day of October, 1862, during the fiercest part of the battle of Perryville, Ky., while I was in front of my regiment, and the rebel line was not more than thirty paces distant, I discovered that one of the rebels with a white, ruffled shirt bosom had singled me out and was determined "to get me." He had fired at me three times, cutting very closely, and though I had a breech loading rifle that I had purchased, I had not thought of firing at him. As he was loading his rifle for another shot, I heard a voice call to me as plainly as if there had been perfect quiet around me, saying, "If you do not get him this time, he will get you next." By this time my rifle was loaded, his was not. I immediately aimed and fired. He threw up his hands, dropped his rifle and fell dead.

On the 21st day of August, 1864, on Sunday, and during the hottest and most dreadful artillery battle I ever went through, after some of my men had been killed in front of me and when touching me on both my right and left side, I expected every moment myself to be cut in two or torn to pieces. After this had continued for over two hours the suspense was becoming dreadful, worse than sudden death itself. I looked upward, and asked the question, "Why am I not called?" The answer came

in an instant, clear and distinct in every syllable, "Tarry awhile longer. You can do better service there than here." In an instant there was a complete change. That feeling of uncertainty, suspense and dread at once left me, and I felt assured that I would not be, could not be touched, by a rebel missile; and I was not on that day nor afterwards during the war, though I had several very narrow escapes.

In St. Joseph, in 1877, while I was just as wide awake as I am now in writing this sketch, I had a view of that same beautiful land or country that I visited in 1850.

All that I have seen beyond the veil has been beautiful, harmonious, contented, happy, and all that apparently could be desired. Can any one tell what this is? Our relatives and friends are near to and around us all the time.

They seem to be happy. There need be, and there should be, no fear or dread of the change of death, it is natural for all. If we live the proper life that is all that is required to make us happy with our friends who have gone before us.

Belief is nothing. No worship of any gods, saviors, nor anything supernatural, is necessary or required. All religions are false. Religion is the common enemy of mankind. Priests and ministers of religion as a class are the most selfish, tyrannical and cruel of all men. There is not one of them who receives pay for his preaching but is guilty of obtaining money or property under false pretenses, and the greater number of them are sufficiently informed to know it.

Of what use are gods that cannot or will not aid a man, woman or child when in need of assistance?

To prove that they have not done anything for suffering humanity just review the great loss of life and suffering during the last twelve months by the floods, cyclones and hurricanes, mine explosions, earthquakes, railway accidents and shipwrecks. All the demons in the universe could not have done worse. And not a single human has been assisted one iota during all that long twelve months by any other than another human—a dog, cow, ox, horse, or some other kindly disposed animal.

St. Joseph, Mo., Feb. 26, E. M. 293.

For the Boston Investigator.

REV. BOB COURT BROUGHT TO BENCH.

MR. EDITOR:—Robert Court, D. D., had as a part of his Sunday school lesson in the Lowell Weekly Journal some time ago, the following

EXCURSUS ON THE DESTINY OF JUDAS.

An aggravation of the offence of betraying Jesus was that "one of the twelve" was to do it—one eating with me this sacramental, family feast! This touched the loving heart of Christ as a similar act of treachery had pained the sweet singer of Israel: "Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me." (Psalm xli. 9; compare Psalm lv. 12 14.) The woe here pronounced against Judas is not so much a curse as a warning. Jesus is wailing over this man's self-chosen perdition. The divine sufferer forgets, as it were, his own cruel cross to lament the irreversible fate of Judas. Even then had the traitor repented he might have escaped that doom. God's foresight did not force Judas to betray Jesus. True, it was purposed that Jesus should die; it was foreseen that Judas would betray him; but none the less was Judas free. Knowledge of a future crime no more causes that crime than my knowledge that Wilkes Booth shot Lincoln and Guitteau shot Garfield makes me the cause of either of these murders. God did not bind Judas; that is all. The traitor was responsible for choosing to betray Jesus. Consider his awful doom. Let me quote a few sentences from a printed report of one of my sermons:

Hell is the lazarus-house of the universe. Judas will be there; and there forever; for that man if he had not been born?" Were we able to prove that only one man will be endlessly punished, then, since that man will be endlessly punished by God, endless punishment must be in accordance with justice and righteousness. Is there one outcast from God's face whose banishment is endless? Yes, for Judas is such a one. Let us hear the Master's words: "Woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed. It had been good for that man if he had not been born." What do these remarkable words mean? Is it not this: that existence on the whole was a curse rather than a blessing to Judas? A temporary misery, be it ever so great, is infinitely less than an endless period of happiness. If Judas were finally to gain happiness, then, however long his previous punishment, he would be an infinite gainer, and therefore it were infinitely better for him that he had been born, which contradicts what our Saviour asserts as to the fate of Judas.

A thousand years after death, let Judas be admitted into heaven, and it were good for him to be born, for an eternity of joy is yet before him. A hundred millions of years after death, let Judas be admitted to heaven, and it were good for him to be born, for a whole eternity of joy is yet before him. Multiply your millions by a hundred millions, and after so long a term of years in misery, let Judas be admitted into heaven, and it were good for him to have been born, for in the unending vista of the years of God an eternity of bliss is yet in store for Judas, and even then, if there is for him an open door and an entrance into glory, the awful words and woe pronounced by Christ would not be true—"it were good for that man had he not been born."

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But perhaps this is not in the Greek, or in the ancient copies, or it is a wrong translation. Ah! friend, such pleas are vain. Every Greek testament contains it, and two of the gospels. The oldest copies have it. All the versions—catholic and protestant, baptist and unitarian—agree in rendering the words of woe pronounced by Jesus a hopeless doom for Judas. "Well,—good,—better for that man he had not been born." Such is the amount of variation in the various versions, and all agree in representing existence, on the whole, as a curse rather than a blessing to the miserable man who betrayed Jesus; but, who, if, at any date, he were allowed to enter heaven, would be better born than not; and hence emerges the dilemma: from the case of Judas' endless punishment is mathematically demonstrable, or else horrid blasphemy! the blessed Jesus said that which was false when he pronounced the traitor's hopeless doom!

As a piece of specious pleading in the attempt to justify the ways of God to man, this takes the turnover, whilst in championing of calvinism in its photography of doom, it entitles Dr. Court to Jonathan Edwards' Kodak.

In regard to the relationship of Jesus and Judas and the respective parts they played in the drama of redemption, there are several questions arising which this expositor of orthodoxy will have to answer before such of his students as have the temerity to think, will be satisfied with the exegesis:

1. What business had Jesus as the prince of heaven to choose a traitor as one of his staff? in so doing was he not himself a traitor to his hench

American Secular Union.

HON. C. B. WAITE, President.

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For the Boston Investigator.

TO DEFEAT CONGRESS.

Chicago liberals are determined to leave no means untried to secure the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday. The following from the Times explains what is proposed to be accomplished by the union:

The secular union has developed a means whereby the obnoxious Sunday-closing law may be rendered inoperative. Coming as it does after the many devices conceived by practical business and professional men have failed, the union will win and wear a well-earned garland of triumph over an active and aggressive foe to freethought and liberal ideas—provided it can reduce its theory to practice.

C. Stuart Beattie, a lawyer occupying an office in the Tacoma building, is the president of the union and the chief promoter of the proposed plan. He was seen yesterday afternoon and unfolded his plans, which he is confident will materialize. "The secular union," he said, "has taken an active interest in the opening of the Fair Sundays, and although it is generally looked upon as a dead issue we have not been in the least discouraged. We propose to secure the consent of Gov. Altgeld or Attorney-General Moloney to bring suit against the United States government on behalf of the state of Illinois, and enjoin the World's Fair commissioners from interfering locally with the Sunday-closing problem. If we can secure the consent of either man, and I think it is very probable that we can, the case will be disposed of in the course of sixty days. Our claims are based on the following resolutions which were passed by the secular union Feb. 26th:

"Whereas, It has been decided by one of the judges of a local court that the action of the World's Columbian Exposition in accepting \$2,500,000 from the federal congress gives the right to congress to control the action of the World's Fair management in the use of Jackson Park, and that it would be immoral and dishonest to deny to congress the right to close the World's Fair Sunday after said World's Columbian Exposition has accepted said gift; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That the pretense that congress can by any means obtain authority to legislate so as to affect the local affairs of any part of the state as to Sunday observance or other moral questions is a direct assault upon the right of local self-government.

"2. That congress, in attempting to legislate for Sunday observance in any part of this state, is guilty of usurping power in no manner conferred upon it by the federal constitution, and which it could obtain in no other way.

"3. That there is nothing immoral in defeating usurpation, though in so doing it involves the loss by the usurper of the price paid for the privilege.

"4. That the Chicago Secular Union has full confidence that the state and national judiciary are sufficiently learned, patriotic and honest to understand and realize the great wrong which congress has attempted to perpetrate upon local self-government and religious liberty by the Sunday closing act (so called) of its World's Fair legislation, and that such judiciary, when properly appealed to, will find and apply a remedy.

"5. That the right of the federal congress to force sectarian or religious observance of one day above another upon any part of this state is a question which should be disposed of regardless of the minor question whether congress paid \$1 or many thousands for the privilege of assuming such right. And, therefore, the president of the Chicago Secular Union is hereby directed to appoint a committee of five members, including himself, which committee shall have full power to act for and in the name of this union to raise the necessary money and take other proper means to present to the supreme court of the United States a case involving the alleged right of congress to so legislate in regard to matters belonging exclusively to the legislatures of the states."

"It is the opinion," said Mr. Beattie, "of eminent counsel here that if a proper presentation of the case is made to the supreme court of the United States that the obnoxious World's Fair Sunday legislation will be declared unconstitutional, and that an injunction against the enforcement of the same will be granted. It is the intention of the committee to obtain the assistance of the state executive department in bringing such an action. Before any such steps can be taken, however, it is necessary to procure funds to pay the expenses of litigation. The Chicago Secular Union being unable to furnish the necessary money from its treasury, it has decided to call upon all who are in sympathy with its attempt to open the World's Fair on Sunday to contribute their mites toward the unavoidable expenses of this effort."

The committee appointed to carry out the programme consists of Dr. Juliet H. Severance, Dr. Joseph H. Greer, A. M. Freeman, Albert Schoffer and C. Stuart Beattie.

In a recent sermon the Rev. E. P. Goodwin of this city, after mentioning a long list

of patriots whom he considered only second to Washington, said he had kept Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson to the last, because exception was taken to their Christianity by some men like Ingersoll, who claimed they were infidels. He gave quotations from the writings of both men to prove that they believed in a divine previdence as a supreme ruler of the world. Franklin's letter to Thomas Paine on receiving a M.S.S. copy of the Age of Reason, advising him not to publish it, was itself, the reverend gentleman maintained, a refutation of the charge that he was not a Christian.

This is a good illustration of the dishonesty or ignorance of the pulpit. This myth, the advice of Franklin to Paine, was published years ago in the Farmer's Almanac, and although its falsity has been exposed again and again the clergy still continue to repeat it.

Thomas Paine wrote the Age of Reason while incarcerated in a French prison in 1793-1794, and Benjamin Franklin died in 1790, so that according to Rev. E. P. Goodwin's statement he presented a copy of his work to Franklin three years before he wrote it, or three years after Franklin's death. And yet this absurd anachronism is repeated year after year by those who pretend to be the leaders of the people. It is on a par with the absurd "mistake of Moses" in writing of his own death and assuring posterity that no man knoweth where he is buried even until this day. Priests in all ages will bear watching, whether in the early centuries secreted in cloisters, preparing original M.S.S., or in later times traducing the memory of humanity's heroes.

In Columbus, Ind., a sensation has been created by the grand jury furnishing the bailiffs with the names of several prominent ladies belonging to fashionable churches and moving in the best society. They have been summoned to tell what they know about the game of progressive euchre played this winter and the prizes awarded. The good people of Indiana evidently regard the pastime as a species of gambling on a par with lotteries and betting. The judge, however, will be asked to dismiss the grand jury before the indictments on this charge are returned. And as this is a Christian nation, he will no doubt assist the Christian delinquents to escape consequences, but as Christian impudence has often made innocent amusement crimes, the boomerang should be permitted to do its work. Let the chickens come home to roost.

Sam Jones is in Indiana, too. The other night, as told by a reporter on a train, he preached in one of its towns to "colored people only." He hurled at them the fiercest invectives, portrayed them as the blackest of sinners, held them trembling over the hottest hell, and wound up his infamous exordium in a style exceeding in effectiveness that of a Captain Kidd or any bandit of the road. Of course he wanted money—and wanted it bad, and he got it, too.

"Now," said he to his colored brethren, "every one of you who has never stolen a chicken, when the hat is passed around, will put in a quarter—every one. But you who have stolen chickens, don't you dare to put anything in. I don't want your money."

The result was Sam secured a quarter of a dollar from every darkey.

MRS. M. A. FREEMAN,
Cor. Sec. A. S. U.

For the Boston Investigator.

ISMS.

MR. EDITOR:—Little and insignificant as the word that heads this article may seem to be, we find mankind busily cultivating vast fields of them, constantly increasing their number, and their peculiar characteristics, which seem to appear to some minds as nothing more than a collection of human follies. Look where we will over and around our social environments, and there seemingly appears to be in every direction a multitude of people of every grade and station in life, busy sowing all the existing varieties of the seed of these isms. And furthermore, we also seem to see that we have become so blindfolded or intoxicated from the products of such sowing, that we seem to have lost all recognition of reason and consistency, which it would seem ought to govern our judgment in the acceptance of every ism that presents itself for our consideration. So through the apparent neglect of making this consistent reasoning the basis of our judgment, we seem to be led into all sorts of antagonistic feelings toward each other, while many of us are permitting the hereditary ignorance of past ages to control our judgment under the name of conservatism.

And as the isms of our religious communities seem to be as numerous as in other communities, and have shown antagonistic feelings towards each other equaling any other community in its bitterness, it may be interesting to some of your readers to give a little attention to this apparent jingle-jangle of things which Pope in his *Essay on Man* declares "whatever is, is right." Thus with this declaration in view, we may make a sort of cursory examination, which may do us no harm even if we are none the wiser for it. So we may start out in a general way from near the so-called beginning, that is, the Supreme Ruler of all things.

In accordance with biblical history, this so-called Supreme Being seems to have presented himself to man in the garb of various

forces, all seemingly in direct opposition to each other, the same as all the forces of nature, and the isms of mankind. Those forces which the early savage seemed to have discovered as being intended for his special attention, were love and anger. Now as this same biblical history claims that man is created in the image of his maker, it is not at all strange that love and anger should be bestowed on man! For if they were right in a Supreme Being they could not be wrong in man! Or if we turn our attention to the so-called natural history, we may find there the same conglomeration of forces, seemingly in the same antagonistic conditions. So we may conclude as before that whatever is right in nature must be right in man; thus it would seem that Pope points to the only way out of this muddled state of the human mind.

If we give our attention to the numerous forces and isms which surround us on all sides, we may see that every condition of man is compelled to be the recipient of influences from a number of forces that are antagonistic to each other, the same as love and anger, in order to obtain the maximum of enjoyment. This is a law of nature which man cannot avoid. But he is permitted to make use of certain means through the law of mechanism in order to ward off some of the harshness of the effects of the forces of nature.

For instance, if he is exposed to a greater coldness of the atmosphere than is desirable, he is permitted to use the constructive forces of mechanism, in building a house and artificially heating it, so as to protect himself from the inclemency of the weather. Thus man is able to soften greatly the harsh effects of the various forces upon himself and his companions, in almost any condition he may be in at the time. But as this prerogative of man can have no injurious effect on the laws of nature, respecting the whole of things, there cannot be any wrong about it. Why then, on this principle, may we not consider that every condition with human existence is right? And that what we call right and wrong is nothing more than the play of words? It seems that, let man commit what act he may, nature always has a condition of some kind ready to be benefited by such an act. This agrees with the old adage, "what is one man's loss is another man's gain." And it also agrees with the greatest of all principles which governs the action of the constructive and destructive forces, which is, that no sentient individual can exist in its state of activity without the destruction of other sentient individual activities. Thus every act of man is confined to this ruling power—a constant pulling down and building up. Therefore, what seems wrong in one direction results in being right when opposed by its companion from another direction. And in fact, it is the result of balancement from the action of antagonism, as I have before stated, that brings the maximum of enjoyment to all sentient beings. Thus we may conclude with Pope that "whatever is, is right," in the whole of things, and that

"Respecting man, whatever wrong we call, May, must be right, as relative to all."

And as nature never repeats an act, that is, never has yet constructed two things or conditions just alike in all their parts, there certainly can be no perfect standard of right and wrong established.

Out of the millions of human beings that have been born into the world, there have never yet been two just alike. This seems to be the same with everything else, all through the universe. Thus with this jingle-jangle of things constantly going on around and within us, we are compelled to accept results regardless of all beliefs.

And so long as happiness cannot exist without sorrow to feed upon, and sorrow cannot exist without happiness to feed upon; or, in other words, so long as good must obtain its means for existence from evil, and evil must obtain its means for existence from good, which is in accordance with the law of the constructive and destructive forces everywhere, I ask, what can we do about it, except to enlarge and expand our feelings of tolerance for each other?

F. F. MYRICK.

Peterboro, N. H., Feb. 25, 1893.

For the Boston Investigator.

SENTIMENT OR REASON.

The acceptance of a religious dogma or the practice of a religious ceremony is not an intelligent action. It is a sentimental performance. The religionist may be perfectly intelligent, but at the time when he embraces a religious theory or performs an act of religious devotion he lays aside his intelligence, he is governed by sentiment. Where did he acquire his religion? Where did he get his fear of God, his love of Jesus? At his mother's knee. Ask him the reason for the faith that is in him and he may study the bible from Genesis to Revelation, he may consult priests and professors and doctors and theologians, but the strongest answer that he can possibly give, the best and most powerful of them all is, "I believe it, for my mother told me so." He has never submitted himself sufficiently to the calm, dispassionate judgment of his own reason. He does not forget the effects of his early training. His father was a democrat or a republican, so is he; his mother was a catholic, an

episcopalian, a methodist, baptist, or presbyterian; so is he.

One of the deepest thinkers of the time says: "In whatever lies beyond the common experience we assume the beliefs of those about us and it is only the strongest intellects that can in a little raise themselves above the accepted opinions of their times."

It is the most independent in thought, the least sentimental in action who can "raise themselves above the accepted opinions of their times." But how intolerant is orthodoxy, how few there are who care to or can actually afford to incur the odium attaching to heterodoxy. The orthodox, the numerically strong assume infallibility and execute with an unforgiving hand the rigorous penalties against heresy. They do not stop to realize that they are assuming infallibility; they are overcome by sentiment. They do not seem to know that heresies have brought the world where it is; they do not study the past with sufficient impartiality to know that the heretical of the present is the standard of the future.

Sentiment's proper sphere is in subjugation to reason. When reason bows to sentiment mankind goes backward. Sentiment entertains and pleases, reason instructs and judges.

If the history of Christianity shows anything it shows that the most unreasonable and absurd doctrines, theories and practices were the oldest, and that religion is constantly being modified by the attempts of the liberal-minded to reconcile it with reason. Christianity will finally be completely reconciled to reason, but there will be no Christianity left.

The doctrine of the atonement, the divinity of Christ, total depravity must some day command just about the respect now given to "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor;" "Take no thought for the morrow, etc.," "If a man hate not his father and mother," and many other unnatural, imprudent and criminal injunctions formerly devoutly practiced.

Reason will overcome a phantom bribe. Reason will vanquish a foolish threat.

CHARLES M. HENRY.

Greenville, S. C.

THE NEW HOPE.

BY V. DE CLEYRE.

I stand in the darkness waiting
For the light of the truth to shine;
The faith that you preach has failed me,
And your God is no longer mine.

I have lifted my hands to heaven,
And besought him, with many a prayer,
To put down the evil doer
And destroy the unrighteous snare.

And still did the evil triumph,
And still was the right made wrong;
Till my trust began to waver,
Yet I prayed him to keep it strong.

I walked in the ways appointed,
I treasured the preacher's words,
And cried, aye, cried fast to heaven,
For the armor his soldier girds.

Yea, I shut my eyes from seeing,
I bound strong chains on my soul,
That I might not judge of its witness,
Might not read the damning scroll.

I said: All is well—God wills it—
His wisdom is greater than mine,
He sees with the perfect vision,
His love is the love divine;

Mine is a human standard,
His is so far above
That I cannot see, nor feel, nor know
The height of that infinite love;

Yet will I trust my infinite Father,
Yet will I yield to Him
Whose glory dwells in the uttermost,
Whose brightness makes all else dim.

But tho' I prayed so loudly,
And tho' I cried very fast,
Tho' my eyes were shut, and my soul was bound,
The old faith could not last.

Still round my ears rolled the surge of life,
Still rose the awful din
Of a world crushed under and trampled down
By the feet of the strong who win.

The wild inarticulate anger
Of a mad thing driven at bay,
Lashed into pain by a million strokes.
And seeing no help, no way.

And under, and over, and through it,
A menacing undertone,
A fearful reverberation
Repeating forever my own

Sad prayer for the faith I had not,
Came the despairing cry,
"Oh God, see you not your children,
That of hunger and cold they die?"

Now I know "it is finished;"
Never more shall I make moan
To your God of the stars who feels our prayers,
As our tears are felt by the stone,

What the future holds I know not,
But this faith it cannot hold,
For my thoughts are no longer the thoughts of a
child,

Nor my hopes the hopes of old.
Help for earth is not in heaven,
Nor the hope of man in God,
Nor the truth that shall deliver

To be bought with another's blood.
By our own blood we must purchase,
With our own feet find the way;

When we search out the strength of our own souls
No God shall say us "nay."

Yes, I utter this profanation,
I proclaim it loud to the sky,
Man is more than the angels,
Jehovah is less than I.

For the Boston Investigator.

THE CAUSE IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON.

MR. EDITOR:—The following, from leading daily newspapers tells of the fierce persistence and despairing energy of the clergy. From Tacoma Daily Ledger, Feb. 21, 1893:

"WAR OF EXTERMINATION."

"SPOKANE, Feb. 20.—At a meeting of the Ministerial Alliance, to-day, the Rev. Willard presented a report stating that variety theatres and saloons are running in full blast every Sunday, contrary to law, and stated that the city authorities are in league with the law-breakers. After a stormy discussion it was decided to begin war now and fight until every variety theatre or every minister is driven from Spokane. A committee was appointed to raise \$5000 for use in the city election this spring, and an equal amount to prosecute the owners of theatres or saloons. An independent ticket will be put in the field at the spring election, and a secret committee of ministers has been appointed to plan the campaign."

Clergy have decided to make a fight to have every place closed on Sundays except the churches. They did permit us to enter the burying ground, but now, realizing that spring is approaching, they know sensible people, if obliged to make choice, would all prefer the graveyard as the most cheerful and lively place of the two. The Ministerial Alliance has issued its edict: "No more funerals on Sundays." This may interfere with attendance at churches, and hereafter ministers will refuse to officiate, except in cases of the very wealthy, and are instructed to use their every effort to keep all cemeteries closed on Sundays.

THE INFAMOUS EXEMPTION LAW.

The most incorrigible of beggars, the great tax-dodgers of the nation, are vigilant and persistent.

"In the senate, petitions containing thousands of signatures were presented from residents of King, Pierce, Whitman, Walla Walla and other counties, praying entire exemption of all church property from taxation."—[Tacoma Daily News, Feb. 23, 1893.

Have mailed to every senator and representative at Olympia, copy of "Taxed and Untaxed," with letter calling attention to the fact that any exemption of church property from taxation is in direct and palpable violation of our state constitution.

It is a hard fight. The apathy of liberals is marvelous and depressing. I have worked day and night.

The Boston Investigator.

FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND LIBERTY OF THE PRESS

How to the line, let the chips fall where they may.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15, 1893.

CAUTION!

We are compelled to say to our subscribers and all others who may have occasion to send to us money by mail, that such is the alarming increase of losses by sending money through the Post Office, we cannot any longer run the risk of receiving it by that method of conveyance. We would remind our friends, however, that Government has provided two safe ways for transmitting money by mail: first, by registering your letters; and, 2d, by sending a Post Office Money Order. Either of these ways is a sure protection against Post Office thieves. Therefore, if you mail money in a letter without having it registered, it must be at *your own risk* and not ours.

Special Notice.

Old friends wishing to *RENEW* their subscriptions are requested to do so direct to this office by Post Office Order or registered letter, instead of waiting for our agent to call on them for their money. Cash sent to us will be received for promptly and papers forwarded to new patrons with as little delay as possible. Those who pay to News Companies will please state to the Company that their names are already on our list. Subscribers sending us bank checks, will please draw on Boston or New York banks, as we are subject to a charge for collection when checks are drawn on banks in other States.

The INVESTIGATOR is for sale in Philadelphia at the Liberal meetings on Sundays at Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood Streets.

The INVESTIGATOR is for sale in Chicago by Geo. E. Wilson, 302 State Street.

THINGS WE MEET WITH.

Priests and ministers are very much like other folks; certainly not much better, and, in most cases, not much worse. They are as ambitious, avaricious and flagitious as average mortals. They can hate as hard and strike as vengeance as men who are not engaged in a divine business. They have their little and big jealousies, their little and big vivities. They can be as mean, as sordid, as base and as treacherous as pot-house politicians. They think as much of office, of power, of place, of dollars; of good things to eat and drink and wear, as men of the world, and they will creep and fawn at the feet of those above them like a street beggar asking a well-dressed passer-by for a few pennies. There is as much honor among thieves as among priests and ministers.

Nearly every morning there are scandalous reports of clergymen, and what does not get into the papers is more than what does, we may be sure. Religion does not seem to make people better, and even those who are consecrated to the high duty of telling the world how to behave do not always conduct themselves in a way that can be imitated to the moral advantage of mankind. Rev. Phillip P. Brady, vicar-general of the archdiocese of St. Louis, was recently found dead in his bed. He was not known to have any serious malady. This priest was ambitious, but was hated most religiously by other priests. He wanted to be Archbishop Kenrick's coadjutor, but was defeated. It is stated that it is the general impression, based on the dead prelate's own words, that his death is the result of the persecution of him by the St. Louis priests who so bitterly opposed his candidacy for the office of coadjutor-archbishop.

So much for Roman catholicism.

Rev. M. Proctor Favor, pastor of the congregational church of Weston, Conn., was requested to resign at the society's annual meeting. He tendered his resignation to take effect April 1st and the next Sunday preached a sermon in which he attacked the deacons of the church and other members most severely. He has been locked out of the church.

So much for protestantism.

What is the matter with Rev. Tiddley-Winks Talmage? He says he "must have help or stop." His tabernacle is in debt, and he is puzzled to know how to save it. Shall it have to be written, Talmage can save others through prayer, himself he cannot save?

It does not look as though God was on the side of the tabernacle preacher. Years ago his society built a large church. Before it was paid for, it burned down. Then the society built another large church, and before it was paid for, it was struck by lightning and burned down. Then the present church was built, but there does not seem to be religion enough left in the society to cancel the mortgage on it, and Rev. Tiddley-Winks T. says he must have help or stop. Mr. Talmage must be a Jonah. His society had better throw him over and hire a man of less imagination and more sense.

The inauguration ball ended at midnight—or thereabouts.—[Boston Herald.]

But the effects of the ball lasted pretty well into Sunday with a good many.

There seems to be considerable christianity in the provisional government of Hawaii. Read this:

Sanford B. Dole, the president, is the son of a missionary. W. A. Smith, the attorney-general, is the son of a missionary. L. A. Thurston, one of the commissioners, is the grandson of a missionary. S. M. Damon, one of the advisory council, is the son of a missionary. P. C. Jones, minister of finance, married the daughter of a missionary. Henry

Waterhouse, one of the advisory council, married the daughter of a missionary, and is himself a Sunday-school superintendent.

Dr. Rice's article in a recent Forum on the public schools, in which he attempted their defence in a rather lame fashion, nerves the Boston Pilot, a Romish paper, to indulge in the following Romish criticism:

Deteriorated! If a Boston school, with all its apparatus, not to say its frills, could be put upon the stage, and the public could see that conglomeration of Quincy method, bundles of little sticks, pebbles, parcels of groceries, mud pies, crayons, moral suasion, inaccurate gymnastics, slovenly slate work, impudence, visits from supervisors, superintendents, committees, training-school girls, and distinguished guests, and smatterings of everything under the stars and stripes, with poets' days, patriotism, politics and English composition thrown in for make-weight, no Gilbert or Irving need ask for a hearing for at least one year. The whole thing would be intensely comic, and would be comic, even in real life, were it not ruinous to the children whose morals and manners suffer as much as their minds, and deadly to the teachers, who are worn and wasted in a futile struggle.

The Pilot thinks a wooden image of the "Virgin," a chromo of his holy humbugginess Leo XIII., a Romish catechism, a black-robed "sister" and a "father" or two is sufficient equipment for a school in which to teach religion and religious morals which are calculated to render secular education superfluous. What is our Boylston street contemporary pilot of?

The Boston Herald, under the caption, "A Curious Comparison," had the following not long ago:

The New York Evening Post thinks that Joseph Cook may be called the James S. Clarkson of theology, inasmuch as he is afraid of the pope of Rome in about the same degree as the Iowa Bourbon is of the "rebels." Mr. Cook has been telling a Boston audience that the American republic was never in greater danger from the Roman catholic church than it is to-day, just as Clarkson's paper has been warning its readers that "the lost cause" has steadily regained strength and power as the nation's most illustrious leaders have passed away, and the rebels will soon be in complete control of the government they did everything in their power to destroy by armed rebellion." The Post is surprised that we take Mr. Cook so seriously in Boston, but this talk about the pope is one of the gentleman's vagaries. There are several of these, which are pretty well understood and appreciated by most of our citizens. Mr. Cook established himself with us as a character not to be judged by ordinary rules some time ago.

This is probably a piece of Satolli diplomacy. The Herald does not deny that the pope is as cunning as any of his predecessors, or as powerful, or that he is less capable of mischief; it does not assert that the papacy has not teeth and claws as of yore, but gives us to understand that it would not for the world use them. The pope is anxious to secure the restoration of temporal sovereignty merely to have the power to confer a greater blessing upon the world. The Herald, *a la* Satolli, is preaching that this figure-head of papal rubbish is one of Matthew Arnold's apostles of sweetness and light. This representative of a church, which has been the most infernal tyrant that ever cursed the earth; a church that has made the earth a hell for a thousand years; a church that has encouraged every vice and patronized every crime; a church that has strangled liberty, burned science and imprisoned honesty; a church that has painted the earth red with human blood and white with human bones; a church that made persecution of doubt a virtue; a church that invented the most cruel tortures that ever agonized the human frame; a church that has pronounced a blessing upon the throne and a curse upon the free platform; a church that has made ignorance a saint and knowledge a sinner; a church that only took its bloody hands from the throat of liberty when commanded to do so by the genius of civilization, and above whole history is a record of all that is foul, of all that is bad, of all that is cruel, of all that is base, of all that is wicked and corrupt, of all that is loathsome, of all that is vile, of all that is treacherous and traitorous. This man is held up to the American people as the head of an institution that is working for the preservation of human freedom, the perpetuation of human rights and the welfare of the human race. Not all of the Herald's readers are fools, and while they may not take any stock in the orthodox vapors of Joseph Cook they take still less in the Herald's editorial whitewashing of Leo XIII.

When we read an account of a man pounding his wife almost to death and cruelly beating his children, we come to the conclusion that the chief difference between man and the brute is that the man wears clothes. There is nothing that walks on two or on four feet so inhuman as the wife-beater. This brute is lower than the savage, more cruel than the beast. But yet these fiends who pound their wives to death generally go to heaven. It seems to be as easy for the church to save a murderer as to damn an infidel. The only way that some men can get to heaven is by the way of the gallows. It is a question whether the church of wife-beaters is of any moral benefit to society. It is more an encouragement to crime than to virtue.

WHAT IS SATOLLI?

Have we a pope among us? This question is being asked on all sides. Some think we have a counterfeit one; others that a veritable Peter dwells in our midst. Various conjectures as to the power of Mgr. Satolli have been offered; various guesses as to what is his real mission to the United States have been made.

A good sized revolution was going on in the Roman catholic church in this country, a revolution that would, in less than ten years, have ended in open rebellion to Rome, when there appeared upon the scene an apostolic delegate, who quietly arrests the leader of this revolution and disperses his following. Mgr. Satolli saw that Dr. McGlynn, although claiming to be a Roman catholic, was virtually undermining the ecclesiastical authority of the church to which he had vowed allegiance. The school question was of less importance than the McGlynn schism, and Mr. delegate was shrewd enough to see that the Sunday night lecturer at Cooper Union was a dangerous rival of Archbishop Corrigan in the New York diocese. Dr. McGlynn was silenced by Satolli.

The school question is a more intricate problem to deal with, though not so dangerous in its possible outcome as the Cooper Union meetings, and the settling of this question, so far as it relates to Roman catholicism, will be watched for with interest by those out of the church as well as by those in it.

It is quite evident that priest, bishop, and cardinal recognize in Mgr. Satolli a power to which they must submit. This man casts the pope's shadow on our soil. When he calls, every Romish dog obeys. If Satolli is not an American pope he is at least acting in the papal capacity. It will be seen by the following letter of the pope that the will of this apostolic delegate in this country is supreme:

Leo XIII., pope to his venerable brother Francisco Satolli, titular archbishop of Lepanto—Venerable brother: Greeting and apostolic blessing. The apostolic office which the inscrutable designs of God have laid on our shoulders, unequal though they be to the burden, keeps us in frequent remembrance of the solicitude incumbent on the Roman pontiff to procure with watchful care the good of all the churches. This solicitude requires that in all, even the remotest regions, the germs of dissension be weeded out and the means which conduce to the increase of religion and the salvation of christian souls be put into effect amidst the sweetness of peace.

With this purpose in view, we, the Roman pontiff, are wont to send from time to time to distant countries ecclesiastics who represent and act for the "holy see," that they may procure more speedily and energetically the good, prosperity, and happiness of the catholic peoples.

For grave reasons the churches of the United States of America demand of us special care and provision. Hence we came to the conclusion that an apostolic delegation should be established in said States. After giving attentive and serious consideration to all the bearings of this step, and consulting with our venerable brothers, the cardinals in charge of the congregation for the propagation of the faith, we have chosen you, venerable brother, to be entrusted with such delegation. Your zeal and ardor for religion, your wide knowledge, skill in administration, prudence, wisdom, and other remarkable qualities of mind and heart, as well as the assentiment of the said cardinals, justify our choice.

Therefore, venerable brother, holding you in very special affection, we, by our apostolic authority and by virtue of these present letters, do elect, make and declare you to be apostolic delegate in the United States of America, at the good pleasure of ourself and of this holy see. We grant you all and singular powers necessary and expedient for the carrying on of such delegation.

We command all who it concerns to recognize in you, as apostolic delegate, the supreme power of the delegating pontiff; we command that they give you aid, concurrence, and obedience, in all things that receive with reverence your salutary admonitions and orders. Whatever sentence or penalty you shall declare or inflict duly against those who oppose your authority we will ratify, and, with the authority given us by the Lord, will cause to be observed inviolable until condign satisfaction be made.

Notwithstanding constitutions and apostolic ordinances, or any other to the contrary.

Given at Rome, in St. Peter's, under the Fisherman's Ring, this 24th day of January, 1893, of Our Pontificate the 15th year.

[Counter-signed.]

SERAFINO CARDINAL VANUTELLI.

[Seal of ring.]

It will be well for Americans to keep an eye on this man Satolli, and to take note of what he does and orders done. If he is here for any good to this country, we are much mistaken. He certainly thus far has not acted in behalf of human liberty or independence, but rather to fortify ecclesiastical tyranny.

A PRIEST IS A FRAUD.

Can there be a bigger fraud in the world than a priest? Can there be a bigger fraud than a human being who pretends to speak and act for a divine being? We cannot imagine how there can be. Here is a person, who has not a particle of knowledge about God, and he knows it too, yet who dares tell men and women what God wants done, what they must do in order to please God and escape his anger, and who presumes to pronounce God's judgment upon human actions. If such a person is not a fraud, then no one is or can be.

INFIDEL SAYINGS.

The wise son should be loved more than the prodigal son.

Doing right is a trade all should learn.

We should walk so that we shall not have to retrace our steps.

Heaven is the name for future happiness.

He who says bad things well is more applauded than he who says good things badly.

Thousands prostitute their minds to keep clean their hands.

Build men and women in town and city: they are better than churches.

It is well that the future will honor present greatness. This is all that preserves mankind from contempt.

You cannot stuff your minds with the lives of saints and grow good on the stuffing.

We could believe in God if he shortened the road for the lame, led the blind or fed the starving.

Progress does not mark how far man has travelled; it measures how much he has done.

The improvement in ways of travel and methods of labor has altered our reverence.

God is not a human necessity.

We need not fear the strength of others so much as our own weakness.

The praise of ten thousand men is not so good as the approval of one's own heart.

No man is wholly free who is not free from fear.

The incomprehensible is the atom at our feet as well as the orb over our head.

What a queer thing is christian salvation! Believing in freemen will not save a burning house; believing in doctors will not make one well, but believing in a savior saves man. Fudge!

A good man or a good woman is as good as anything that can be made out of human nature.

Some one has said that heaven is a full purse and hell a diseased liver.

No faith of Egypt saw the life of America.

Man must live hours of feeling, not of time, to know what he is made of.

It is not the soft hand of pity, but the hard, shaping hand of labor and suffering that forms character.

The moon has not grown brighter by growing older.

Life becomes grander by thinking, not by eating.

There is no place where wrong-doing can hide from punishment.

A creed is the skeleton of faith, the bones of piety.

Where thought and speech have been free, man has improved his condition.

It is where liberty dies that nations decay.

China does not need missionaries. She needs her idols broken; her indolent worship overturned by the hand of innovation; her opium-sleep disturbed by a nightmare of duty.

Where the cross has been planted only superstitions have grown.

Millions have died to show the folly of martyrdom. Millions more have lived to show their ingratitude for devotion.

INFIDELITY.

When the minister wants to frighten his congregation he draws a picture of infidelity. The infidel has been used for years to scare weak-minded persons into accepting christianity. Outwardly the infidel is painted like a man, but the world is warned not to trust to appearances, for the infidel is not what he looks to be; he is "a fiend in human shape;" he is "a moral monster," and a mirror in which every thing bad and vicious can see its face.

We do not wonder that a minister paints the infidel in black. He has hurt the minister's business, and so must suffer for what he has done. But we do wonder that so large a part of the world is frightened at the word "infidelity."

It is a fact that an infidel would never be known if he himself did not disclose his character. To conceal his infidelity he has only to keep still; to hide behind silence.

Infidelity is nothing more or less than intellectual fidelity, and an infidel is a man too honest to disguise his real thoughts and convictions. Had the infidel not been honest he would still be in the church, a hypocrite to be sure, but this could not affect his religious status at all. Intellectual and moral uprightness is the distinguishing characteristic of modern infidelity. The modern infidel trusts his brain and his heart; he accepts as true what appeals to his reason, and makes known his convictions, as though to conceal them were a vice or a crime.

The infidel gains nothing by avowing his convictions; on the contrary, he is condemned for making them known. The christian presumes upon the right to damn infidels here and to teach that God will damn them hereafter. It is in the face of a fate, in many instances cruel, that a man acknowledges that his honest thoughts, his honest convictions place him in antagonism to the popular faith, and yet he is denounced, rather than praised, for his brave action.

Infidelity is the proof of an honest man. Hypocrisy cannot hide in its shadow. Every man in the christian church may be a hypocrite, a knave, a pretender professing its faith, while laughing inwardly at its foolish superstitions, but every man who espouses

infidelity must reveal his true character, must show exactly what he is.

A dishonest or hypocritical infidel is an impossibility. There is nothing to be gained, but much to be lost, by confessing one's disbelief of the christian dogmas. It is the man who prizes self-respect above the world's approval who takes the fate of infidelity—it be what it may.

ROMANISM AND EDUCATION.

We do not wish to rob Romanism of any glory that belongs to it, or take a feather from the cap of the priest. If Roman catholicism is making war on ignorance, let the fact be acknowledged; if Romish priests are working to pull the weeds of superstition out of the garden of the mind, let the truth be told.

We should

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LIFE OF THE STARS.

Change is the order of the universe; life and death are by no means confined to organic beings on earth, but are phenomena of the universal law of evolution to which all things, even the stars, are subject. Since the pale dawn of that long-passed day when the first man trod the earth, sun, moon and stars have revolved in their appointed courses, to all appearances unchanged. In comparison with our little span of life, and even with the life of the race, they appear eternal, immutable; but each and all had a beginning; each and all will have an end. In the life of the heavenly bodies, as of our own earth itself, a myriad years are but a moment in the little span of our existence, but change is everywhere unceasing.

As Herschel suggested, and as later observers have confirmed, the substance of which all worlds are made is the pale, dim, nebulous matter invisible to the naked eye, but discernible through the telescope in all the early stages of condensation. The volume of this nebulous matter, according to Herschel, surpasses all comprehension; but at the same time is of such extreme tenuity that the smallest stars visible through it make even the brightest nebulae appear dim.

Where these nebular masses display definite form, it is generally round or elliptical. The round masses are often brighter in the centre, paling from that point gradually, as if the centre were the seat of a concentrating power. The elliptical nebulae present the same phenomena, and the appearance leaves little doubt that a condensation of the nebulous matter is taking place there, and a sort of nucleus is in course of formation. In many of these nebulae the nucleus is surrounded with a soft radiance which Herschel compared to a mane; and which he suggested might, by absorption into the nucleus, impart a rotatory movement to it.

"Genius and nature are eternally allied," and this dictum of the poet was justified in Herschel's case. Instinctively, one might say, he grasped the right conclusion. These nebulous clouds are, in fact, the primitive stuff of which solar systems are constructed. What the great man saw imperfectly with his bodily eye is now, thanks to the progress in optics and photography, rendered clear and indisputable. The manes are gigantic whirls of nebulous matter—spiral nebulae—first rendered clear by Lord Rosse's telescope, and later confirmed by the still more powerful telescopes of Mt. Hamilton, Cal. One must not forget that these phenomena are taking place on an immense scale, almost beyond human conception. The smallest nebular spots in the heavens exceed the sun in volume, and the luminous manes playing round the nucleus of a nebular mass, extend through a space in comparison with which the distance between the sun and the earth is inconsiderable.

Here, then, we see the workshops in which world-systems are formed, the preliminary stages of world-evolution. From such nebular masses have the solar system and the fixed stars constructed themselves, and that in a mode which the French mathematician, Laplace, was the first to reveal. According to his hypothesis, our sun, for example, in the remote past, was a vast nebular spot, of high temperature, revolving on its axis from west to east. In consequence of continuous loss of heat, the matter of the nebular mass became more and more compressed; and at length, in accordance with prescribed mechanical laws, a free-floating ring separated itself from the nebular mass in the region of its equator. The cooling being continuous, and the condensation of the surface-matter keeping pace with it, the ring-formation would, in due course, repeat itself, all the rings working from west to east around the central mass. The persistence of these rings would depend on their perfect uniformity in structure and condensation, which is very unlikely. Consequently they break up, and being still fluid, assume globular forms. These glowing nebular globes become planets, revolving round the sun, from which they were thrown off. The larger planets go through the same course, throwing off rings which break up into satellites.

Laplace, at the time he originated his famous theory of world-origination, does not appear to have known of Herschel's investigation of nebulous masses. Observing that all the chief planets revolve from west to east round the sun, that the sun turns from west to east on its own axis, and that all the satellites pursue the same course round their respective planets, he started from the proposition that this must be due to some adequate cause, and this cause he traced to the common origination of all planets in vast nebular mass. Of Laplace truly more than of any other it may be said that his keen insight enabled him to penetrate beyond the veil to that remote past when as yet the stars which illuminate the firmament existed only as nebulous vapor. Who would have supposed, when this theory was advanced, that it was capable of verification. Nevertheless, with the march of science, sidereal photography has presented us with a picture of one of the largest neb-

ular masses, with its rings and balls, in verification of Laplace's theory. This nebula was photographed by Mr. Isaac Roberts, of Liverpool, on Dec. 29, 1888, after an exposure of four hours, involving the arduous task of moving the telescope continuously in harmony with the movements of the heavenly bodies. The nebular mass in question is known as the Andromeda Nebula, and is visible to the naked eye on a clear night. With a powerful telescope it is seen in the form of an elongated ellipse, with a bright nucleus in the centre.

The distance of the Andromeda Nebula is beyond all computation. Dotted over its surface are innumerable stars so remote that no telescope had betrayed their existence, and all these stars, even the smallest of them, are suns like our own, and which, like it, have been shining for myriads of years. In the infinite realms of space in which we severally play our little parts, a sun the size of ours is of no more significance than a drop of water in the ocean.

And for all these living suns the end must come; they are all constantly radiating into space, the heat generated in their formation, and, with its final disappearance, they will sink back into the formless cosmic-dust from which they sprang. Long before the light of our sun shall be quenched, life on earth, and in the other planets of our system, will have disappeared; and this fate which awaits our system, has most assuredly been the fate of a thousand world-systems. And the universe itself must have an end. Science traces the chains of phenomena link by link without finding first cause or final consequence.—[Dr. H. J. KLEIN, in *Die Gartenlaube*, Leipzig.

THE MEN IN CONGRESS.

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE:

These are the people who make your laws:—

IN CONGRESS.

Lawyers.....	199
Lawyer and insurance man.....	1
Lawyers and farmers.....	3
Lawyer and grower of fruit.....	1
Farmers and planters.....	43
Farmers and store-keepers.....	2
Farmer and speculator.....	1
Manufacturers.....	13
Manufacturer and merchant.....	1
Manufacturer and farmer.....	1
Merchants.....	13
Merchant and banker.....	1
Journalists.....	15
Bankers.....	3
Banker and coal operator.....	1
Banker and farmer.....	1
Teachers.....	3
Publishers.....	2
Public officials.....	2
Wool merchant.....	1
Tanner.....	1
Canner.....	1
Physician.....	1
Printer.....	1
Literary man.....	1
Hotel-keeper.....	1
Dairyman.....	1
Railroad manager.....	1
Clergyman.....	1
Clergyman and editor.....	1
Real estate dealer.....	1
Real estate and insurance.....	1
Warehouse man.....	1
Lumberman.....	1
Miner.....	1
Miner and miller.....	1
And with no occupation reported.....	1

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IN THE SENATE.

Lawyers	61
Capitalists	4
Journalists	3
Lumbermen	2
Railroad officials	2
Manufacturers	2
Merchants	2
Miners	2
Miners and stock-raisers	2
Car-builder	1
Physician	1
Clergyman	1
Real estate dealer	1
Banker	1
Planter	1
Marble quarryman	1
Public official	1

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PAYING A FINE.

Judge Smith, now a resident of Phoenix, Ariz., is visiting friends in the city. The judge was once a prosecuting lawyer in the little town of Quitman, Miss. On one occasion he was defending a case before Judge Buck Hancock. During the trial Judge Smith had occasion to frequently go out of the court room. Judge Hancock finally got tired of the delay caused by Smith's absence and reprimanded him. Finally Smith came into the room with his hat on. The judge saw his opportunity and called out:

"Mr. Smith, I fine you \$50 for contempt of court."

"Very well, your Honor," was the reply, "I'll pay it to-morrow."

The case went on. The next day Hancock was in a better humor, and, desiring to go out for a moment, called Judge Smith to the bench. After Judge Hancock had left the room the acting justice turned to the clerk and said:

"The fine against Mr. Smith yesterday for contempt of court is remitted." And so it was.—[St. Louis Republican.

A LARGE sewing machine, weighing three and one-quarter tons, is in use in Leeds. It sews cotton belting.

THE FIRST IN BOSTON.

In the year 1617 there graduated from Emmanuel College, England, a young man named William Blackstone. He afterward became a clergyman. He had not a merry nature, was quiet and reserved, and preferred his library of books to the society of people. He did not get along well with his brother clergymen. The king and bishops of England wished to be obeyed in all church matters, and as William Blackstone, with many other Englishmen, found the rules and regulations very trying, they left England and came to America.

Mr. Blackstone, in looking about for land upon which to build a house, chose the land upon which the city of Boston now stands. It was then called "Shawmut." Here, in his thirty-fifth year, this solitary, "bookish recluse," built a dwelling. The house stood somewhere on the west slope of Beacon Hill, not far from what are now Beacon and Spruce streets, and from this spot he commanded the mouth of the Charles River. Here he lived all alone. There was no other house in Shawmut. He planted a garden and a number of apple trees. It is said that he planted the first orchard in Massachusetts, and also the first in Rhode Island. He traded with the Indians and tended his garden and orchard.

The winters must have been long and dreary; but not to him. His books were company for him. He had brought with him from England his library, consisting of one hundred and eighty-six volumes. He lived in this quiet, solitary way, for two or three years; then a few white men came and settled on the northern edge of the Charles River. The name of Charlestown was given to the little settlement. Charles I. was king of England at that time, and the town and river were named for him. A year later a large company of men came to Charlestown. Their leader was John Winthrop, who had been made governor of the whole Massachusetts colony.

It was not long before Gov. Winthrop and his company were in great trouble. A terrible sickness came upon the colony, owing to the failing of the springs at Charlestown. Many of the people died.

Mr. Blackstone had a kind heart, even if he was queer. He knew that in Shawmut, near where he was living, water was pure and plenty. He went to Gov. Winthrop and told him of a "very excellent spring" in the eastern part of Shawmut, and urged him to leave Charlestown and come there. Gov. Winthrop was only too glad to do as Mr. Blackstone advised, and the colony immediately packed all their belongings and came over to Shawmut. The governor was about to build a fine house in Charlestown for his own use. The frame was standing, and he even carried that over to Shawmut.

When the first boat-load touched the shore, a young girl was the first to leap ashore. She seemed to have a very poor impression of the place as she looked at it for the first time, for she describes it as "very uneven, abounding in small hollows and swamps, covered with blue-berrries and other bushes."

What a change the coming of the people made in that quiet place, where only one man had lived before! Houses were built, streets were laid out, and behold a town! The town was named Boston.

Now came trouble and disquiet to the heart of poor William Blackstone. The colony which had come to be his neighbors had rules and regulations which were just as distasteful as the laws of the church of England. Unless he would join the church he could not vote nor take part in public affairs. He would not join the church, and he soon felt ill at ease in the town. His neighbors bothered him with their active life, and he felt out of place among them, even while he belonged there. So he decided to go away.

About forty miles from Boston, on the eastern bank of a narrow river, in a lovely fertile valley, Mr. Blackstone found a meadow which rose in three stretches like three long, wide steps. On the first of these he built a house; on the second he dug a well. He planted a new apple orchard and cultivated a new garden. The place came to be known as Rehoboth, but is now called "Lonsdale," and the river was named for him the Blackstone.

He again lived the life of a hermit, and was even further away from people than he had been at Shawmut. He liked his new home very much. Near his house was a hill sixty or seventy feet high, and there Mr. Blackstone used to go to read and study. He named it Study Hill.

He was the first white settler in Rhode Island. After living twenty-four years at Rehoboth, Mr. Blackstone married a Boston woman, a Mrs. Martha Stevenson. They were married on the 4th of July, and kept that day as a holiday every year. They little knew then that, by and by, a whole new nation would be keeping that day as a holiday to celebrate its independence. Later a son was born, and Mr. Blackstone was a happy father.

He died on the 26th of May, 1675.—[Goldthwaite's *Geographical Magazine*.

SHE—If I refuse you what will you do? He—Propose to some other girl. She—Then I accept.—[Chicago News Record.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

AS REVISED BY A SANITARIAN.
With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of a knowledge since gained;
The malorous farm, the wet, fungus-grown wild-wood,
The chills then contracted that since have remained;
The scum-covered duck-pond, the pig-sty close by it,
The ditch where the sour-smelling house-drainage fell,
The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard nigh it,
But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mould-crusted bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.
Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind;
Ere I knew what professors and scientists fitted
In the waters of wells by analysis find;
The rotten wood-fibre, the oxide of iron,
The algae, the frog of unusual size,
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.
And to tell the sad truth—though I shudder to tell
it—

I considered that water uncommonly clear,
And often at noon, when I went there to drink it,
I enjoyed it as much as I now enjoy beer.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were grimy!
And quick to the mud-covered bottom it fell!
Then reeking with nitrates and nitrates, and slimy
With matter organic, it rose from the well.
Oh, had I but realized in time to avoid them,
The dangers that lurked in that pestilient draught,
I'd have tested for organic germs, and destroyed
them
With potassium permanganate ere I had quaffed;
Or, perchance, I'd have boiled it and afterward
strained it
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined;
Or, after distilling, condensed and regained it
In potable form, with its filth left behind.
For little I knew of the dread typhoid fever
Which lurked in the waters I ventured to drink;
But since I've become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science I shudder to think.
And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describing,
The story for warning to others I'll tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing,
And I gag at the thought of that horrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown
bucket—
In fact, the slop-bucket—that hung in the well.

—[J. C. BAYLES, president New York Board of Health; read at a meeting of the Academy of Medicine.

EMERSON A MAN OF GENIUS.

The Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness, in his *Random Reminiscences* of Emerson in the March Atlantic, speaks of him as a man of genius and not of talent:

Emerson was all genius, of miraculous insight. But he could not draw, nor sing, nor play, not even on a Jew's-harp, a musical instrument popular among boys in those days. If, by some sleight of hand, or sleight of talent, which is it?—one did any of such like things that he could not do, Emerson extolled him to the skies. This is the reason, I imagine,—so fond was he of praising,—why his swans turned out to be no swans.

In fact, he had no talent; only pure genius. He could not use our beautiful literary paper money. He had to coin his own language in the fire of his own genius. It was all bullion, without a particle of alloy; solid gold. I once said in print, somewhere, that since Shakespeare no one had used words so grandly as Emerson. An English admirer of his, Mr. Ireland, quoted this remark, evidently regarding it as a bit of extravagant eulogy.

When I first read that exquisite little poem of Emerson's, *The Titmouse*, in which he tells of being lost in the woods in a New England snow storm that raged around him so fiercely that he feared he should not get safely out of it, and a titmouse came, hopping from twig to twig, chirping as merrily as if he were overflowing with the enjoyment of a balmy midsummer's day, and the wee bird is described as

"this atom in full breath,
Hurling defiance at vast death."

I turned, without a moment's delay, to my *Shakespeare Concordance*, to discover whether or not Emerson had borrowed from Shakespeare that epithet "vast" as applied to death, so true to the situation, to the all-sorrowing storm, threatening death everywhere. The phrase was not in the Concordance. Thoroughly and genuinely Shakespearean as it is, it is Emerson's own.

IMPORTANCE OF READING.—No matter how obscure the position in life of an individual, if he can read, he may at will put himself in the best society the world has ever seen. He may converse with the greatest heroes of the past; with all the writers in prose and poetry. He may learn how to live, how to avoid the errors of his predecessors, and to secure blessings, present and future, to himself. He may reside in a desert far away from the habitations of man; in solitude, where no human eye looks upon him with affection or interest; where no human voice cheers him with the animating tones: if he has books to read, he can never be alone. He may choose his company and the subject of conversation, and thus become contented and happy, intelligent, wise and good. He thus elevates his rank in the world, and becomes independent in the best sense of the first in importance of the department of school education.

Weak Stomach strengthened by BEECHAM'S PILLS.

SPICY DEFINITIONS.

A smart, pithy or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit. Here are a few apt ones that are evidently spontaneous.

A boy once said that "dust is mud with the juice squeezed out."

A fan, we learn from another juvenile source, is "a thing to brush warmth off with," and a monkey, "a small boy with a tail;" salt, "what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on."

A schoolboy asked to define the word "sob," whimpered out: "It means when a feller don't mean to cry and it bursts out itself."

The Boston Investigator.

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WHAT WE SEE.

We see that spring will have to wade through snow to get here this year;

That March is a good month to have behind you;

That there is nothing that adds to the horrors of poverty like cold weather;

That the national administration has not changed its religion so much as its policies;

That we are to have another presbyterian government;

That all the members of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet but one are college graduates;

That only one is not a christian;

That not one is a millionaire;

That there are five Roman catholics in the United States senate;

That Dr. McGlynn loves justice less and Rome more than he did;

That his followers will probably never hear his voice again at Cooper Union;

That when he puts on the priest's frock his tongue will be silent on the land question;

That the man has been crushed by the machine;

That the monument over Charles Bradlaugh's grave is finished;

That it is a bronze bust upon a polished red granite pedestal;

That a terrible famine prevails in a portion of China;

That men are selling their wives and children for food;

That rich men do not live as long as paupers;

That great age is attained by women often than by men;

That six out of every ten young men in the United States who have reached the age of thirty are unmarried;

That young men are either in love with themselves or afraid of matrimony;

That gifts continue to pour in upon the pope from all quarters of the globe;

That the nobles of Bohemia sent him a million dollars in gold;

That to be the head of the church is a softer snap than to be king of Italy;

That the pope's splendor contrasts strangely with Christ's poverty;

That if God should come on earth to-day his church could give him a place to lay his head;

That a religion that puts a priest on a throne and leaves children in the gutter is a double curse to the world;

That when Romanism cannot rule her policy is to excite revolution;

That the priests in Brazil are deserting the churches since the government stopped granting subsidies;

That nothing will put an end to Roman catholicism so quickly as political justice;

That if the church property of the United States was taxed, as it should be, Romanism would soon show signs of decay;

That the blindness of the American people is the pope's opportunity;

That the people cannot govern where the prelate reigns;

That a cardinal of a church can be only a citizen of the republic in this country;

That the fight between the American eagle and the Romish vulture must take place before long;

That the state in surrendering to the church the right to educate the children signs the death warrant of free institutions;

That wherever duty to God is put above duty to man human liberty becomes a crime;

That if the world loves freedom it must hate religion;

That it is more necessary to keep liberty on earth than to keep God in the skies.

A CATHOLIC organ suggests that Papal Delegate Satolli be appointed to perform the ceremony of opening the World's Fair gates. "There is danger," the organ moans, "that the World's Fair will be inaugurated without some clergyman invoking the divine blessing, on account of the difficulty of choosing a minister from the many conflicting christian denominations." If some scores of christian sects will be sore and one happy by the selection of a preacher from one of the numerous denominations, why not give the plum to none of them? Choose somebody who is not a christian and make them all happy. And Col. Ingersoll is just the man, too, for such an occasion.—[Ironclad Age.]

INGERSOLL SECULAR SOCIETY.

INVESTIGATOR HALL, SUN., MAR. 12, 1893.
Mr. Reuben Rush lectured an "Life and Death."

Previous to the lecture Mr. Rush made a statement in regard to the progress of the work towards the taxation of church property, saying that the legislative committee, appointed by the Massachusetts legislature to hear arguments for and against taxation of church property, stands seven to four opposed to exemption. This is a very favorable outlook for justice in the Bay State.

Mr. Rush took the ground that all human life is the result of material causes, that it has a physical basis and that it cannot exist independent of a physical organism—that there are no facts in Nature to support the notion of a soul or spirit that exists without a body.

He spoke of the difference between the broad road of scientific knowledge and the narrow path of religious ignorance, declaring that narrow paths make narrow minds. He said what we know helps us, but what we don't know don't amount to anything.

He defended rational life and rational living as opposed to the church's teaching that this life is a vale of tears, and that we must look for happiness beyond the grave.

The lecture was enthusiastically received by a large audience. Mr. Rush spoke with great fervor, and made many strong points against christianity and the church.

After the lecture a meeting of the society was held, in which it was voted to have the lecture open to debate by members of the society.

Next Sunday there will be a supper, preceded by a concert. Concert from 3 to 4 p. m., by the Berkely Orchestra, assisted by Mrs. Alice Mendum, soloist; Miss May Parks, solo cornetist; Master Vaughan, guitar; Master Hesselton, banjo, and Miss Madge Parks, accompanist. Admission to the concert is free to all. Supper will be served from 4.30 to 6 p. m. at fifty cents per plate. This gathering should be attended by all the liberals who can do so, together with their friends.

A PERSONAL REQUEST.

DEAR FRIEND:—We want to build up the BOSTON INVESTIGATOR, and make it a paper that shall be an honor to the freethinkers of the world. You can help us to do this. Will you? You have some friend with whom you are intimate. Now, what we ask you to do is this: Show the INVESTIGATOR to your friend, with a good word for it, and ask him to subscribe for it.

You can do more for us in this way than we can do for ourselves in any way. You can reach the man that we cannot. Now, can you get us this one friend for a subscriber? Will you try?

We know that you are willing to help the cause of national liberty, to which the INVESTIGATOR is devoted, and to which it is pledged in the future, and we ask you if there is any better way to do this than by helping to increase the circulation of a paper which advocates the principles you believe in and support? OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST MUST BE INCREASED.

The paper, as you know, is well worth the price of its yearly subscription, and a person who takes it gets his money's worth.

The INVESTIGATOR should be read more. It should go into more homes, and thereby help educate the minds of the young in mental honesty and mental freedom. It needs more money to enable it to carry on a successful propaganda against the dominant hosts of priesthood. Think of it, \$5,000,000 paid into church coffers annually in the United States to sustain superstition and error. We are willing and eager to fight this wrong. It is our life work, but we must be sustained. Will you help us by sending in new subscribers, orders for books, renewals and contributions? We promise to hold our end up well and faithfully, but we ask you to do your part.

Will you speak to your friend, and ask him to subscribe for the INVESTIGATOR for one year, or six months on trial? And will you do it at once?

You will help us, the world, and the cause of truth and liberty, by so doing.

ERNEST MENDUM, Publisher.
L. K. WASHBURN, Editor.

L. K. WASHBURN IN WORCESTER.

The Editor of the INVESTIGATOR lectured in Horticultural Hall, Worcester, to a fine audience last Sunday evening, on "Man's Relation and Responsibility to the World." There is a large liberal element in the city, headed by Mr. W. B. Clark, to whose efforts the credit for the freethought lectures which have been given there this winter is largely due.

LECTURE APPOINTMENTS BY SAMUEL P. PUTNAM.—In March—Ocala, Fla., 18th and 19th; Fort Fairfield, Me., 24th to April 1st. In April—Montreal, Can., 2d and 9th; Boston, Mass., 16th; Cincinnati, O., 23rd.

LITTLE FREETHINKER.—Please send \$1, and get "Studying the Bible" and Little Freethinker, one year, or 50 cents and get Little Freethinker and Foote's Health Monthly, each one year. Address

ELMINA DRAKE SLENKER,

Snowville, Va.

MUSIC AND NATIONAL "SIN."

It has been arranged that the Marine Band shall give a concert in the Pension Building next Sunday evening as a part of the inaugural ceremonies.

A number of Washington pastors and others have sent to the senate a petition that the concert shall be forbidden. They declare that the rendering of music by a national band in a national building on Sunday will be a "national sin."

But, as is customary in such cases, the protesting clergymen utterly neglect to give or suggest a rational foundation for their assertion. Is music sinful? Surely they do not mean that. Is it sinful to make or hear music on Sunday? Their own organs and choirs answer no. Is it that some music is sinful on Sunday while other music is not? If so, what is the rule or principle of discrimination? It is manifestly the duty of religious teachers to instruct us upon this point, so that we may know to what music it is safe to listen and when we must stop our ears in the interest of our immortal souls.

The whole thing is folderol, cant, hypocrisy and an impudent interference with the rights of those who wish to make music or to listen to it. In itself music has no more moral than a mathematical quality. In its influence it is refining and uplifting. There is no more possibility of "sin" in listening to it on Sunday than on any other day, no more harm in enjoying it than in rejoicing in the sunlight or the songs of Sabath-ignoring birds.

Moreover, in this country the government is not set to prevent or discourage "sin." It has nothing to do with religious doctrines one way or the other. It has no concern with Sabbaths or holy days, except to protect all men equally in their right to observe such days as they please in such ways as their consciences may dictate. Anybody who thinks it wrong to listen to a concert on Sunday may stay away. But he has no right to ask the government of the republic to stop other people from attending because of his puritanical notions.—[N. Y. World, March 2, 1893.]

THE WORTH OF SELF-RESPECT.

MR. EDITOR:—It is a self-evident fact that character and conduct can never be really good only so far as they are thoroughly self-respecting—i. e., morally dignified—and consequently it follows that true self-respect—i. e., moral dignity—is more important than anything, or than all things else, and should be honored and taught accordingly, for upon it all the pure moral goodness in the world is obliged to be based, and the proportion of it in any thought, word, or deed is an exact measure of the spiritual value and material worthiness of each of them.

That no one can be rightfully considered to be as good as he or she ought to be who is lacking in true self-respect is apparent at once, and the realization of such lack in what we need instantly furnishes the right motive and direction for properly influencing humanity toward the attainment of the highest and most powerful, and at the same time the sweetest and most benevolent thing that life can ever attain to, viz.: real moral dignity, or the doing of goodness purely out of respect for our dignity as reasoning beings.

GEO. N. HILL.

STOP MY PAPER.

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 3.

MR. ERNEST MENDUM.—Dear Sir:—I have been reading your paper for at out two years. I now want you to stop it at once. I take no stock in priests and religions, but it makes things too hot for me to have a paper coming into my family that is always laying it on to the catholic church and the priests. As you will see by my name, I am an Irishman. I was born a catholic and MARRIED one. From this you will understand the situation. I admire your courage and like your paper, but others don't, including my boss, my wife and her "father confessor." In the interest of my well-being, send no more, but believe me your friend.

DANIEL MURPHY.

Poor Mr. Murphy. We pity him. He is just the man who needs the paper to stiffen up his backbone sufficiently to enable him to meet his enemies. We are sorry to lose him because he is a good fellow, and like most Irishmen who get out from under the clutch of Rome, was willing to pay well for his freethought opinions. We regret that we must sacrifice our brother, but perhaps some kind friend will see that the INVESTIGATOR does not lose a subscriber in consequence.

WANTS TO KNOW MORE ABOUT HELL.

MR. EDITOR:—In Mr. Coil's article in the INVESTIGATOR, he says by heaven and hell he means conditions and not places, which appears to me to be a contradiction of terms. Do not conditions infer places? And as he grants that immortality is true, he infers that the conditions are in some other world. I presume he would have us understand that he does not believe in a heaven with streets paved with gold, or a hell with literal fire and brimstone. Allowing as Mr. Coil does, that there is a God, I see nothing creditable to a just God in either inference.

Is there any essential difference in the torture of the mind, or the torture of the body? I should like Mr. Coil to give us a little more information on this subject, but I dare not come near the stone wall, or iron fence.

FRANCIS HEARN.

Manchester, N. H.

A LAME DEFENCE.

The defence of Russia contributed to the Century magazine by the secretary of the Russian legation at Washington is an ingenious piece of special pleading, but it will probably not have much effect in changing the very pronounced public opinion in this country concerning the czar and his government. Mr. George Kennan's testimony as to the horrors of the Siberian prisons is too overwhelming to be gainsaid, and his character cannot be easily impeached.

The defence of the outrageous persecution of the Jews is very lame, indeed. Even were the subjects of that persecution all that the author claims them to be, their treatment would be wholly unjustifiable. Such cruelties practised even upon animals in this country would not be tolerated. When we consider that Russia is responsible for the dumping upon our shores of hordes of the most undesirable and degraded immigrants that ever came hither, adding nothing to our resources and immensely to our burdens, and bringing with them the dread scourges of cholera and typhus, Americans have no reason to cherish any friendliness for the government of that country.

The saying that extremes meet is literally illustrated in a curious way by the geographical contiguity of the greatest republic and the greatest despotism in the world, their territories separated only by a few miles of water. But the moral chasm between the two countries is too vast to be spanned by any bridge of sentimental regard.

Perhaps a case like that of Russia, whose internal maladministration menaces civilization with all sorts of dangers, both moral and material, may eventually be met by a confederation of all enlightened nations, succeeding the general disarmament that must sooner or later take place. Such a confederation would have the power, as well as the moral right, to compel a country like Russia to behave itself in the conduct of its internal affairs as well as in its external relations, and no longer menace the rest of the world with the consequences of its misdeeds.

One effect of the restriction of immigration by our government should be to compel European governments to deal with their own social problems through the check thus put upon the vent hitherto afforded by the easy opportunities at hand for getting rid of their surplus populations. If these masses of humanity are kept at home, popular discontent will naturally increase to such a pitch that radical measures for its relief will have to be taken.—[Boston Herald.]

THE CENTURY for March contains a unique feature in an account from the manuscript of Capt. Thomas Ussher, R. N., of Napoleon's Deportation to Elba, in which is given a familiar account of all the circumstances of the trip, and a careful report of Napoleon's frank comments on men and events. Westminster Abbey is the subject of a paper by Henry B. Fuller. The Letters of Gen. and Senator Sherman are continued, dealing in the present number with financial and military matters relating to the close of the war. Gen. Sherman speaks with great frankness and familiarity of Grant, of the burning of Columbia, and of various topics connected with his own personality, while Senator Sherman writes chiefly of political matters, with brotherly admonitions in regard to the revolt against Andrew Johnson. There are three illustrated papers of general interest; first, an account of Artist Life by the North Sea by H. W. Ranger; second, notes on Jamaica by Gilbert Gaul; and third, the second part of An Embassy to Provence by Thomas A. Janvier. Among the pictures are, My Sister Lydia, from a painting by E. C. Tarbell, in the American Artists Series; illustrations by Brennan of the poem in Irish dialect by Jennie E. T. Dowd, Have ye Niver Heerd Tell o' Rose Creagan? and illustrations to stories made by Irving R. Wiles, C. D. Gibson, George Wharton Edwards, and Mr. Castaigne. The stories are: The Rousing of Mrs. Potter, a tale of Kansas by Gertrude Smith; The Violoncello of Jufrow Rozenboom, a Dutch story by Mrs. Anna Eichberg King; At the Keith Ranch, a Colorado story by Anna Fuller; and the fifth part of Mrs. Burton Harrison's story of New York society, Sweet Bells out of Tune, which will end in the May number. The number includes poetry by Edgar Fawcett, Charles T. Dazey, George Horton, John Kendrick Bangs, Alice Williams Brotherton, Maria Bowen Chapin, and some stanzas on Chicago by Marian Courthouy Smith. The editorial articles relate to the choice of United States senators by the people, which is advocated; to Direct Presidential Voting, also advocated; and free libraries; and there are Open Letters on the Kindergarten movement in Chicago and in Turkey.

PROF. W. S. BELL is now making his headquarters in Chicago and will answer calls to lecture. He is an agent of the BOSTON INVESTIGATOR. His address is 312 State Street, in care of Wilson's book store.

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How to the line, let the chips fall where they may.

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General Advertisements.

New Importations.

Books by Saladin

(W. STEWART ROSS),
Editor of the London Agnostic Journal.

NOTICE.—We would respectfully request those who have recently ordered any of Saladin's works, and have not received them, to be patient. We have ordered a large voice from England, which will, we hope, arrive shortly. Customers intending to send for any of the following works will please bear this in mind.

WOMAN, HER GLORY, HER SHAME AND HER GOD. The Rev. Archdeacon Farrar said that "christianity elevated woman; it shrouded as with a halo of sacred innocence the tender years of the child." The object of Saladin's work is to show the archdeacon his error, and he has succeeded. An English writer said of it: "This certainly is one of the most marvelous books ever issued from the press. The authorities cited are unquestionable, and the result is convincing." In two volumes, cloth, gilt-lettered, \$2.50.

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For all these works address ERNEST MENDUM, Paine Memorial Building, Appleton Street, Boston.

GIRARD'S WILL

AND

GIRARD COLLEGE THEOLOGY.

A expose of the perversion of Stephen Girard by the Christian churches and Young Men's Christian Association. By E. B. WESTBROOK, D. D., LL.D. Price, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

LIBERAL MEETINGS.

The following notices of Liberal meetings are printed to enable those visiting the places where these societies are located to find where they may hear something of the cause they are interested in. Notices of regular meetings will be published free by sending them to this office.]

BOSTON, MASS.

Ingersoll Secular Society meets every Sunday in Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, at 2.45 p.m. The public invited. Admission free.

MANHATTAN LIBERAL CLUB, N. Y. CITY. Meets every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, at German Masonic Temple, 220 East 15th street. Lectures and discussions. The public cordially invited.

PHILADELPHIA LIBERAL LEAGUE meets every Sunday in Industrial Hall, Broad and Wood sts., at 2.30 and 7.30 p.m., for lectures and free discussions. The public always welcome.

THE NEWARK LIBERAL LEAGUE meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in Liberal Hall, 177 Halsey st., cor. Market st., Newark, N. J. Lectures and discussions on religious and social questions. Seats free and everybody welcome.

AMERICAN SEC. UNION, NEWARK BRANCH, 124 Market st., assembles every Sunday evening at 7.30. Lectures, debates, and discussions. President, HENRY BIRD; Secretary, CORA BELLE FLAGG.

BROOKLYN PHILOSOPHICAL ASSOCIATION meets at Fraternity Rooms, Bedford avenue and South 21st street, Brooklyn, E. D., at 3 p.m., every Sunday. Lectures followed by discussion. President, Henry Rowley, Secretary, 108 Cumberland St., Brooklyn, E. D.

THE SECULAR SOCIETY OF KENT, O. meets semi-monthly, first and third Sundays, at 2 p.m. at the Town Hall. All friends of human cultivation are invited. Maria Heighton, Sec.

ELIZUR WRIGHT SECULAR UNION, Of Alliance, Ohio, meets the first and fourth Sundays of each month at Independent Church, at 10.30 a.m. Free discussion on all Liberal subjects.

CHICAGO SECULAR UNION holds two meetings every Sunday evening—one at Ft. Dearborn Hall, 181 West Madison st.; the other at 116 6th avenue. All are welcome.

BROTHERHOOD OF MORALISTS, No. 903, Prairie City, Iowa, meets every Sunday in the Liberal reading-room hall at 2.30 p.m. All Liberals are cordially invited. F. V. Draper, Cor. Sec.

MINNEAPOLIS SECULAR UNION meets every Sunday at 7.30 p.m. at 412 Nicollet ave., Rooms 12 and 13, Eastman Block, Minneapolis, Minn. J. F. Macomber, Pres.; Leroy Berryer, Sec.

DES MOINES SECULAR UNION holds regular meetings at Good Templar Hall, Flynn Block, S. E. corner 7th and Locust sts. Friends from abroad heartily welcome. Franklin Steiner, Pres.

THE INVESTIGATOR SOCIETY Of Detroit, Mich., meets every Sunday at 3 p.m. in Aranian Hall, Hilsdene Block, Monroe Avenue. Mary Kleindienst, Secy.

THE SAN FRANCISCO LIBERAL UNION meets every Sunday at 2 p.m. and 8 p.m. in Academy Hall, at 927 Mission Street, for discussions and lectures.

PORT ANGELES SECULAR UNION meets every Sunday at 7.30 p.m. in Macdonald's Hall, Port Angeles, Wash. Discussion invited.

WEST END PROGRESSIVE LIBERAL UNION Of Los Angeles, Cal., meets semi-monthly, first and third Sundays, at 8 o'clock p.m., at Park's Hall. All invited. Mrs. R. M. Berna, Pres.; J. H. McWilliams, Sec.

THE WALLA WALLA LIBERAL CLUB meets every Sunday at 2 p.m. in Grand Army Hall, Main st., Walla Walla, Wash. C. B. Reynolds, Pres.; A. W. Calder, Secy.

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Selections.

VICTORY.

Is it when the smoke of battle
Lifts and floats away?
When a vanquished foe lies bleeding,
Is it victory?
Is it when the players reckon
Gains and losses too,
Count the gains a sign of conquest,
Victory this, say you?
Is it when the racers racing
One comes out ahead?
When the rowers fearing rowing
One has boldly led?

Is it when the base-ball pitchers
Gain the highest score?
Is it when the foot-ball rushers
Break all barriers o'er?
On my sight another vision
Breaks in happy way;
In my heart a nobler answer
Tells of victory.
Highest, grandest earth can reckon
Or the heavens attain,
Is the race where none are vanquished
Nor are any slain;
Where the youth of sterling virtue
True to truth and right
Turas aside the tempters, seeking
Honor's self to blight;
Stands serene, self poised, untrammelled
King of his own realm;
Powerless all the waves of fashion
'Gainst his guiding helm.
Greater than the greatest conquest
Known on rolls of fame,
Is the fight that brings the laurel
Of a spotless name.

—[J. L. P., in the Christian Leader.]

EVERY BOY SHOULD LEARN A TRADE.

If I should have my way I would insist that every boy should learn a trade. It was so in the olden times, and it should be now. The man who has a trade is a thousand times better equipped than the man who has none.

Let every boy select the trade that best suits his ability, and promises the highest honors and remuneration. When he has mastered his trade, if he dislikes it, or if it is not profitable, he can begin to study a profession, or enter upon a commercial life.

If he should fail in both of these, he is still master of a good trade—something that no one can take from him, no matter what exigencies may arise.

The man who is master of a good trade is as independent as a millionaire. He need never want; he can find profitable work in any corner of the world. The boy who wants to can master a trade between the years of sixteen and twenty. —[Ex.]

How TOYS INFLUENCE A BABY.—It generally keeps a woman busy looking after the baby's toys, because they are scattered from the old trunks in the garret to the refrigerator in the cellar. A man pulls a shirt out of a bureau drawer in the morning only to have a tin bulldog fall on his feet, and when he pulls on the first shoe he is pretty certain to stub his toe on a big red agate. After awhile he never puts on a shoe or a hat without first shaking it to make sure that it doesn't contain a locomotive or papier mache cow.

Some children have their ambition and taste formed by their toys. The baby boy with a locomotive often sighs to be an engineer after he knows what an engineer is. The boy with a beautiful boat that he sails in the bathtub has a natural leaning toward the divine art of piracy, while the boy with the woolly poodle naturally yearns to become the proprietor of a sheep ranch or to branch out as a dog fancier. —[Once a Week.]

"I KNOWS why bees never sit down," said Walter.

"Why, my dear?" asked his mother.

"'Cause they has pins in their coat tails, and they's afraid to." —[Harper's Young People]



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Young Son—Can't help it, pop. Johnnie knew it was coming, and punched tacks through his pants, and then put 'em on inside out by mistake.—[The Haberdashers' Weekly.]

SON—Pa, kin I go to the circus? Father—Circuses is wicked. Son—The man gave me two tickets for carrying water for the horses. Father—Um! A man wot's as charitable as that, can't be very bad. We'll both go.



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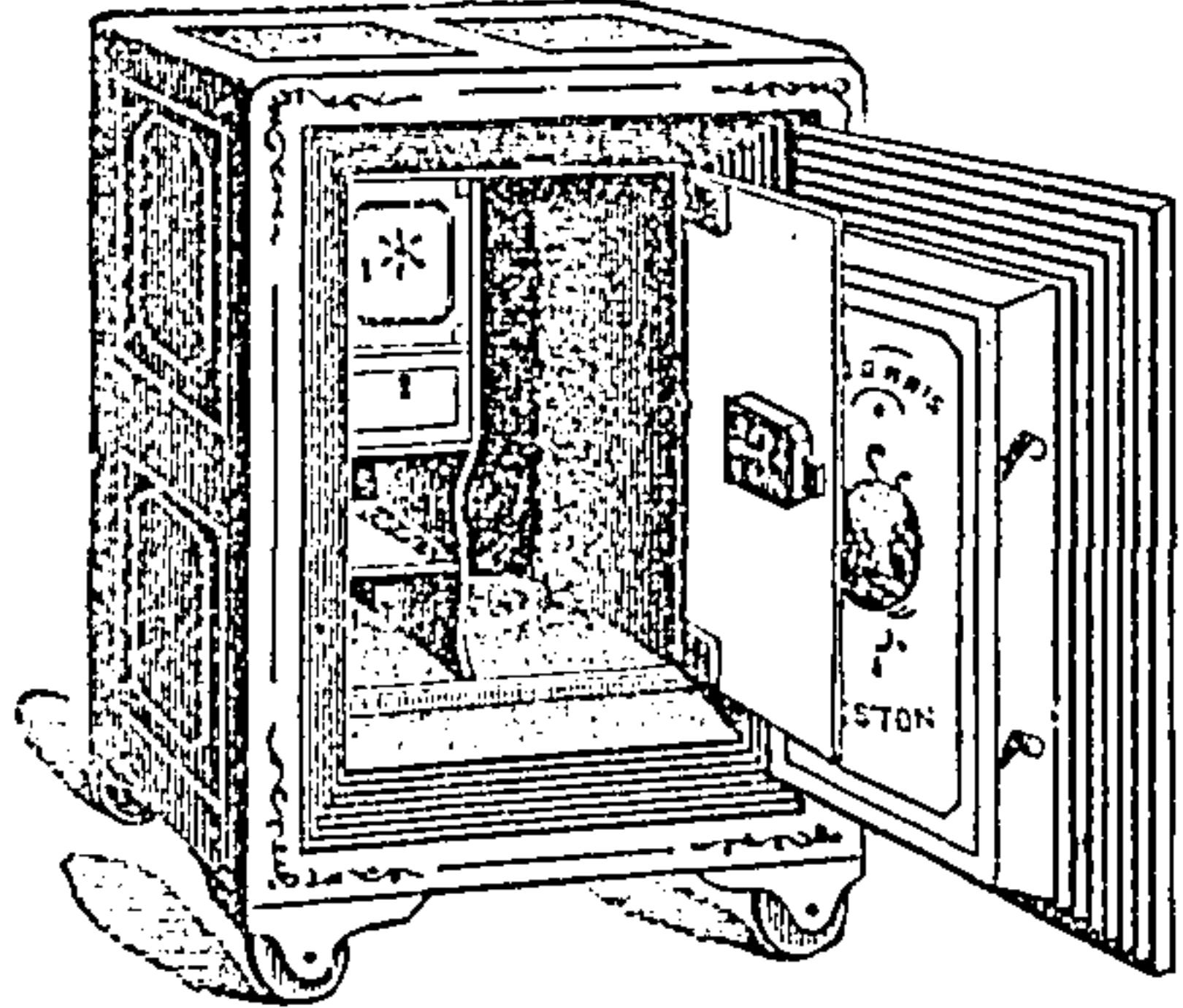
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